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# **BLINDED IN THE WAR.**

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They fought for us, and for our sakes they lost that which many consider dearer than life itself. Try to realise for a minute their position—the brave men who, in the pride of health and strength, went out to fight, only to return helpless as little children. They are being cared for at the

## **Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, London, N.W.,**

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Cut a hole in a piece of paper the size of the ring you require and state what crest you wish to be engraved upon it.

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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MARCH 1916.

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## NAPOLEON.<sup>1</sup>

AN ESSAY BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY AND A  
PREFATORY NOTE BY LADY RITCHIE.

*These unpublished notes for an Essay on Napoleon must have been written by my Father either in 1836, when he was a newspaper correspondent in Paris, or, as I am now inclined to think, later on, when in 1842 and the following years he was contemplating a life of Talleyrand and publishing articles in Fraser and other magazines.*

*With what a different response one now reads this noble expression of feeling from that with which I wrote in July last—only five months ago! . . . How the truth and generous fire of the whole goes to one's heart! He—my Father—would not have loved Peace as he did if he had not kindled, and as I can remember so well, to generous valour and noble patriotic deeds over which I have heard him exclaim in sympathy and pride.*

*I have often thought of late what would my Father have said about this cruel war? THIS is what he would have said, only changing the terrible indictment of hatred and unrighteous attack from the French to the German nation.*

ANNE RITCHIE.

Nov. 21, 1914.

THE Victories gained over the once unconquerable Napoleon, the twenty peaceful years which have followed his downfall, and above all the punishment which overtook his ambition and laid low his pride, have done much to obliterate in the minds of all the people of Europe, the hatred with which they once regarded him, and the troops he led. But those who can remember the feelings of a score of years back, will recollect with what a fiery unanimity all the European nations marshalled together to resist their common enemy, and to crush by the force of their union the prodigious Genius who had wrought so much ill upon each. As the British who had

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wrested Spain and Portugal from the grasp of his best generals, carried their triumphant war into the territory of France, the Northern nations similarly victorious in the gigantic combats of Leipzig and Dresden, poured their immense horde across the Rhine, followed and fought the great Warrior until he could fight no more, and still respecting his genius and misfortunes consigned him to an honorable exile.

We all know how he returned from his exile, and how it once more became necessary for Europe to arm, and tear the sword from his hand, and dash the crown from his head ; and if ever there was a cause, which since the time of the crusades, united all Christendom together, it was that which assembled the Allies in 1815, and overthrew for ever the hopes and power of Napoleon.

In our own country the feeling against him was strong : but we had no defeats or insults to avenge, such as all other European Powers had received from him, and vehement as was our resistance to our enemy, it was little compared with the hatred felt by the Northern countries against the oppressor.

In Germany especially the crusade against Napoleon was not merely a national cause, adopted by Princes and Governments, but seemed to be the cause of each individual man, for scarcely one but in his own person or that of some one near and dear to him, had suffered wrong and indignity at the hands of the French invader, and peaceful men were known to take the musket, and poor widows to send away their only sons bidding them to stake their lives for the putting down the General Tyrant.

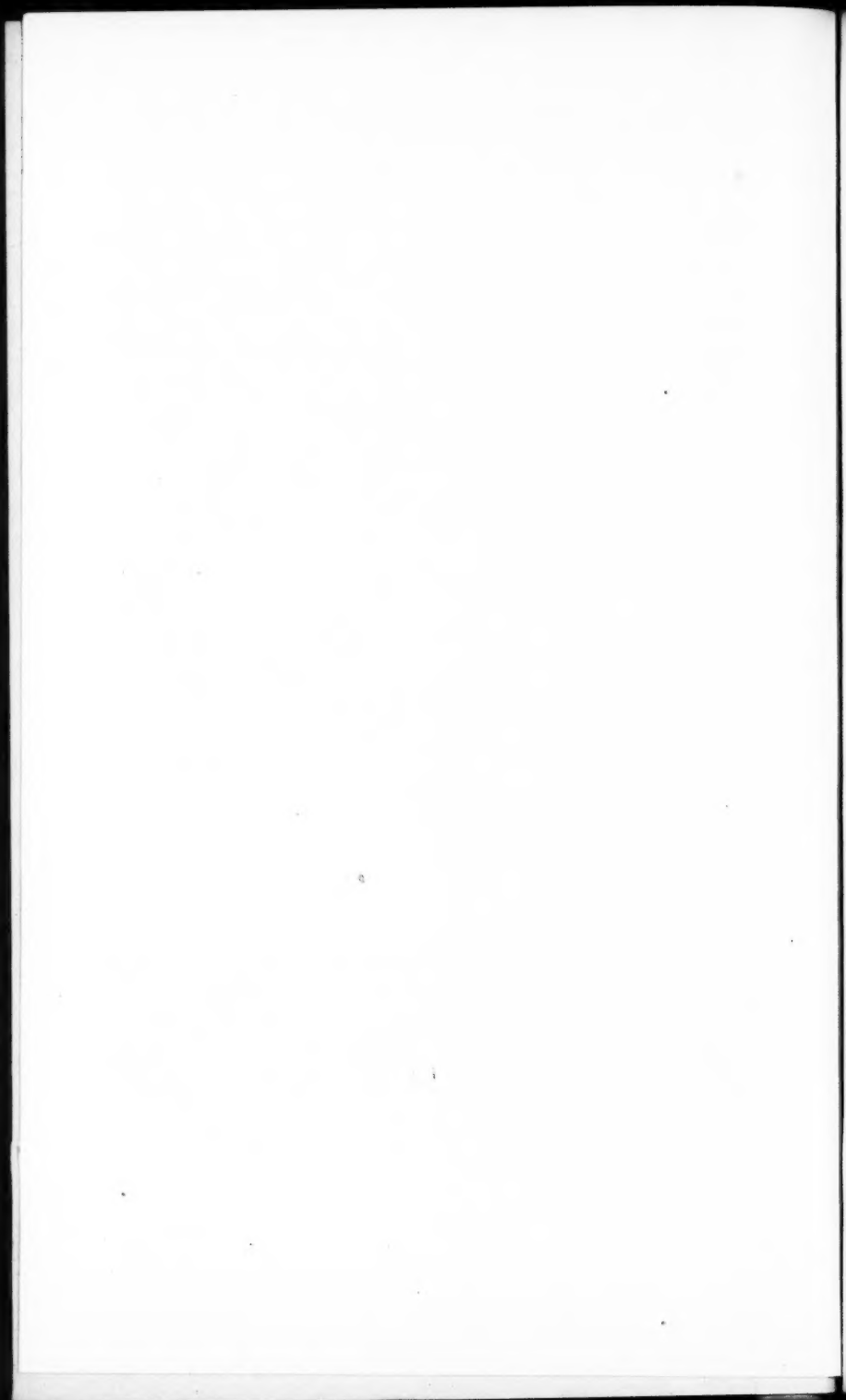
With the great interests then at stake, this story has little to do : we have only to tell of a few humble people whose fate was bound up with the great events that then took place.

And (it need scarcely be said here, but that the subject can't be too strongly or too often urged)—it is not only the ruin and wretchedness of the day and of the actual participators of the war which people have to fear : but the brutal prejudices it brings with it, the accursed legacy of hatred which it leaves behind it ; and which obstruct progress and freedom, and mar and kill wholesome enterprise and honest thought, for long ages after the quarrel is said to be ended, and the swords are in their sheaths. We have conquered Napoleon—it is very well. Some few hundreds of old men still are alive and wear a red ribbon for that service, and a little medal hanging to it : but the fury of hatred is not dead yet,



*This is one of five sketches by Thackeray, of which Lady Ritchie writes:—*

*"My father drew the pictures of Napoleon somewhere about 1832, in Young Street. He must have been thinking of writing a lecture on the early Caricaturists, but he never carried it out."*



and for five and twenty years past has interposed a thousand times when the benefits of the two nations were in question—blackening with suspicion every honest attempt at conciliation, and thwarting every kindly simple plan of mutual interest. [With the old Imperial party, now almost extinct, and scarcely more numerous than the old Waterloo medal-wearers with us, the feeling of hatred was manly at least, and therefore pardonable, but it would be well, if the French could be brought to see who else have been the chief propagators of the Anti-English cry. Every man takes it up as he goes into opposition: Thiers, Barrot, Berryer each addresses himself to the public and appeals to what is called the national feeling—national is the word—for shame that any nation should be so ungenerous as to make hatred a national question.]

On marble slabs, in the humble little church of Waterloo, the reader has very likely seen the catalogue of the names of the English officers who died there. The names of the private men, who fell upon that day and did their duty to the full as well, are not mentioned; it was thought either that such humble persons did not merit, living or dead, to keep company with gentlemen bearing His Majesty's commission, or that the cost of marble would be too great:—in fact a pyramid would scarcely have been big enough to chronicle the names of these poor fellows.

If however some obituary of the kind could be kept of armies and regiments: it would form wholesome and instructive though not perhaps agreeable reading, and might (please God every year with less and less cost) be published at no very great charges as a Supplement to the Gazette. Leaving out the cause of the battles and their issue, the compiler should state simply the name and age of the slain soldier, the manner of wound of which he died, the names of his near relatives, and birth place. 'John Thompson, 24, received a musket ball in the thigh at Tezna: limb amputated same day: died of the operation: born at Taunton in Somersetshire—only son of Jane Thompson now resident there. Has left a widow and three children.' A very common imagination could supply from this outline the necessary details—the way in which John Thompson falls as he storms a height on which some Afghans are mustered,—exchanging his hurrah for a curse as he drops and the column marches over him,—the agonies of his wound as he lies on the field—the agonies of the operation and the fever and death subsequent to it—the agonies of his mother the widow, of his wife the widow too; the wonder of the children

and possibly the ensuing beggary of the whole family, might all be very easily portrayed to the mind, and should at least in common fairness be presented to it, as well as that picture of triumphs and *te-deums*, knighthoods, gun-firing, and parliamentary gratitude, which follow upon the successful exertions of some thousands of more or less lucky John Thompsons.

Thoughts of this nature, are especially of late much more common in England than when we were engaged thirty years since in the French war, but with our neighbours the warlike spirit seems to be still almost as strong as ever : at least it is so strong that every demagogue in his turn has but to cry revenge and he finds half a million of echoes to his cry : and since the defeats of the Empire, it has been the cowardly tactic of every party in opposition to raise this shameful outcry in its own favour.

## THE TUTOR'S STORY.<sup>1</sup>

BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY,

REVISED AND COMPLETED BY HIS DAUGHTER, LUCAS MALET.

### CHAPTER VI.

LOVE is said to be blind. That may be true of passion—about which I know little. But of such honest and deep affection as, even from the first, I bore my pupil it is, thank God, not true. For, far from shutting my eyes, it opened them, giving me sight and insight. How else could I, unversed in the ways of the world and unused to society, have so soon become aware of the war of conflicting wills and interests surrounding me, of which the dear boy, whom I loved, was at once the cause and the centre?

I had read of court intrigues in history. Now I was to learn that every great house and household, such as Hover, is a court in miniature. Upon the surface are discipline, deference, and ready service, not to speak of adulation and all too ready flattery. Beneath the surface, too frequently, are selfishness and self-seeking, disloyal scheming, even rank treachery. Often have I been tempted to agree with Radical Farmer Braithwaite and condemn great noblemen as a great national evil, rather than with my good friend the Scotch head-gardener, who found in them and their wealth a providentially ordained ladder up which poorer and cleverer men may climb to high places of science and of art.

That afternoon, as I have already said, I made the acquaintance of Colonel Esdaile. No less a person than Mr. Marsigli, the grave and courtly Italian butler, brought word her ladyship proposed to visit me—hearing which the boy, who sat smoking in the window, jumped up with an oath and bolted. Why Her Magnificence should trouble herself to seek me, rather than summon me to her presence, passed my comprehension. Such however being her royal will and pleasure, I prepared—though not without inward trepidation—to receive her with the best welcome I might. A sound of voices and laughter preceded her advent, testifying that she did not come unescorted.

If I had thought Lady Longmoor beautiful when looking down upon the ballroom from the gallery last night, I thought her ten

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times more so on beholding her in the more homely setting of my study. She was very tall, and, though over thirty, still possessed a girlish slenderness of figure. Her features were finely chiselled, her colouring at once vivid and delicate; while the contrast between dark eyes and eyebrows and her magnificent fair hair gave a peculiar character to her face. Her manner struck me as playful and vivacious, though capable of changing, in a moment and at will, to icy hauteur. To this last, it is only just to add, she never treated me even when differences unhappily arose between us. For her ladyship chose to gain her ends rather by the power of her charm than by the authority of her rank.

Her companion, Colonel Jack, enjoyed the reputation, as I learned later, of being both one of the handsomest and one of the best dressed men about town. He might certainly also claim to be one of the largest; though, so excellent were his proportions, that it was only when standing beside him I measured the greatness of his height and bulk. All the same, so my pupil informed me, 'the Rusher was as hard as nails and didn't carry an ounce of superfluous flesh.' Looking at these two persons, now, I felt abashed; though less by their self-assurance and air of fashion than by their abounding vitality. How many generations, not only of good breeding, but of good food and good drink, must have gone to make them what they were!

Her ladyship was all graciousness. Must shake me by the hand and, sitting down in the nearest chair, put me through a catechism as to my comfort. Had I all I needed? Were the servants attentive? I understood everything was at my disposition. I had but to give my orders, to ask. Colonel Jack meanwhile, standing with his back to the fireplace, one heel resting on the fender, looked on, a quizzical expression upon his face. He wore, I remember, a high-waisted nut-brown riding coat, buff cord breeches and top boots; and held a half-smoked cigar between the first and second fingers of his left hand. Observing his fine devil-may-care manner and superb physique, I could not but fear he must offer a somewhat dangerous contrast to my lady's valetudinarian husband, a *malade imaginaire*, many years her senior, given over to doctors and to snivelling pietists.

She began to talk about the boy and his course of study.

'Oh! he ought to learn Latin and Greek—and—French—modern languages you know—ought he not, John? What do you think?'



'Decidedly. Latin, Greek, French, Italian, German, the four rules of arithmetic—geography and the use of the globes—celestial as well as terrestrial—the former should be of special use'—and he laughed, looking my lady meaningly in the face—'Shakespeare, taste and the musical glasses, of course. And you'll be careful, no doubt, to instil principles of youthful piety, and teach the young idea generally how to shoot—you understand all this, of course, sir.'

'Perfectly,' quoth I, meaning thereby to let the colonel know that I saw he was laughing at me and that I did not intend to be laughed at.

'And—ah—I think instead of beating about the bush, sir, it might be advisable for us to come to a clear understanding.'

'I am of that opinion also—'

'Very well, then—*entre nous* his young lordship is a bit of a scamp. And—on the whole—if you can find any method of making him a little less troublesome we shall esteem it—I think I may say so much in your ladyship's name?'

'Good heavens, yes!'

'A kindness on your part. For the rest, as to the general direction of Lord Hartover's studies, we are prepared to defer to your superior judgment.'

'Oh! yes, certainly'—this from Lady Longmoor. 'I am sure we may trust you. Doctor Marston gave us such satisfactory credentials—wrote quite delightfully about you, Mr. Brownlow, in fact—'

I bowed, and smiling she rose to depart. The interview was evidently concluded; but, not choosing to accept the colonel—whatever his relation to affairs—as sole male representative of my pupil's family, I ventured—

'But may I ask—am I not to see Lord Longmoor himself?'

'Oh! dear, yes—no—of course. What do you think, John? He is so much engaged to-day, and is not altogether well I regret to say. We are glad, you know, to spare him any unnecessary exertion.'

'And Mr. Halidane, I believe, is reading to him at present; so'—again looking meaningly at her ladyship—'he is possibly better employed than in giving an audience to Mr. Brownlow. No, I think on the whole it might be well to wait a day or two.'

'Strange household,' I thought, as I closed the door behind them.

Two things struck me. First that Her Magnificence possessed real good-nature—how deep it was I had no time to test; and next

that the all-powerful colonel was no fool. The tone in which he addressed me, once I had brought him to book, so different from his natural rollicking free and easy manner, showed he had wit enough to wear a mask. And, laughing at his own mask all the while, though he put it on, as uneducated men of all ranks will, because thinking it proper to do so before scholars or parsons, half expected them to laugh at it too—if they were good fellows. Whether he was likely to be much use to me in dealing with my pupil was another question. However, I apparently had formal *carte blanche* to do what I chose. What could man want more? Much—as I eventually and not unsorrowfully was to discover.

## CHAPTER VII.

MEANWHILE my heart cried out for sight of those same catalogues ; and, on the third day, I determined to brave the lioness in her den and go to Mrs. Caswell myself.

So, backed by the boy's commands, William, sneering and scarcely waiting to hold the doors from swinging to on me, showed me down to the great woman. There she sat, in a far more richly furnished room than my father had ever inhabited, a portly and awful personage, in a black satin gown and a huge gold watch and chain, with wine and cake on the table before her.

She rose a very little from her seat with a stiff bow, motioned me to a chair, and inquired to what ' she was indebted for the honour of this visit ? '—clearly implying that I, not she, was the honoured party.

I answered most blandly, that I had taken the liberty to come and ask her for a little information which only she could give.

To my discomfiture, she broke out immediately to the effect that—' when I had lived longer in houses which belonged to the real nobility, I should be aware that the curiosities they contained were considered as the housekeeper's perquisite. That no one but she had a right to show them, or, indeed, to know anything about them, for what concern were they of anyone but herself ? '

In vain I explained, apologised, expostulated. The great woman was obdurate, and I bowed myself out, unsuccessful but bland as I had entered.

That afternoon it rained. I got Lord Hartover to visit the library, between two games of billiards, and from a list—which

happily was not in Mrs. Caswell's hands—found out two or three books on ancient armour ; and began, to the boy's surprise, making a catalogue for myself of the weapons in the gallery. He laughed at me at first. Then, growing interested, joined me after a while in verifying swords and helmets ; and, when we came to a real Crusader's helmet, allowed me to tell him something about the Crusades, and began to speculate which of his ancestors had worn that rusty pot under a Syrian sun. Finally, his pride being aroused, he got at his pedigree, a copy of which was kept in the library—the original was stored away in a mysterious muniment-room—and we settled which earl the Crusader must have been ; and so, pleasantly enough, kept clear of French novels and other questionable entertainments for the remainder of the afternoon.

From that day I began to have hopes. The armour occupied us for full six weeks, and gave us a good deal of collateral history to work up. I, of course, did the work, and told him as much thereof as I thought would interest him, and began to look forward to the time when I should teach him a little live ancient history from the statues and pictures. But ere the six weeks were out, my new methods of education received more than one startling check.

That very evening, for example, about eight o'clock he threw aside his books, said that he must go to the drawing-room, and disappeared ; to reappear at long past midnight a good deal the worse for wine. I put him to bed without reproof, and went to my own room, feeling, with Parson Evans, 'a great disposition to cry.'

'Well,' said he, next morning, 'so I was screwed again last night ?'

I shook my head sadly enough.

'I really am sorry I was, if it gives you any pain.'

'My dear lord, what else can it do ?'

I let the matter drop for the time ; got him after breakfast into the gallery, and kept him amused for two or three hours. While we were there a note came from the earl—not however in his handwriting—to the effect that he could not see me that day, but hoped to do so shortly. Seemingly, I was to be left on all sides to my own mother-wit.

After the early dinner, the boy announced he should go out riding. I could say nothing against it ; so walked down to the stables, and saw him ride off, in a bright blue coat, white breeches and top-boots, looking very handsome, with a groom behind him.

Old Warcop stood watching him by my side. I turned to him for information and comfort. He really seemed the only rational person, save the Scotch gardener, in the establishment.

'Is he fond of riding?'

Warcop shrugged his shoulders.

'I'd thought I'd ha' made a bonny horseman o' him once: but o' late he's no nerve—darna face a hurdle, worse luck. He'll canter along the road for an hour on a park hack that's no better than an easy chair to sit on; but for hunting—I sorely doubt he'll ever mak' a man.'

'Never make a man?'

'He's knocking himself to pieces ere he's grown, and that's truth. And I say it to ye, for ye'll soon see it yourself. He was up late last night again, I guess.'

'And where does he spend his evenings?'

'In t' servants' hall. Ye see, as soon as the other folks are happed up, out goes the fiddle there and they dance till their shanks ache, most nights, and she wi' them; and after that there's few o' t' lads turn in sober. God help us!'

'But does his lordship know?'

'And what signifies what he kens? Mony's the night she'll come down hersel' when she's nought better to do, and the colonel wi' her, and dance among 'em all as gay as the gayest.'

'She? Mademoiselle?'

'Na, lad, her ladyship's sel'.'

What was to be said?

'Is he fond of shooting?' I asked, wishing to turn the conversation.

'Na—na nerve for that either. I tell ye, he's fond o' naething fit for a man. I can't tell what's come over him, these last three years. It's my opinion he cares for naught but those lasses in the workroom, where he sits with Mamzell every afternoon, and makes petticoats for aught I know.'

'Make petticoats?'

'An' what else should he do, amang the needles and thimbles?'

But there was something in Warcop's eye which told me what he had no mind to speak.

I fell into a reverie. How was I to win the boy? By identifying myself entirely with his pleasures and pursuits? But how, while they were such as these? At least I must do what I could. Oh! that I could never let him out of my sight! That was impossible.

Still I must do what I could. A thought struck me. If I rode with him, I might persuade him to spend a longer time in the open air. Keep him away from the afternoon amusement with the maids; perhaps bring him home healthily tired, to go to bed at a reasonable hour. But then, I could not ride. And should I be allowed to ride?

I told Warcop all this on the spot. He received it graciously, setting his head on one side like a terrier dog, as he always did when a new thought struck him—

'As for harses—dinnot fash yourself! T' harses are mine, and I'll see ye ha' one daily. But then—ye say ye cannot ride.'

'I never was upon a horse in my life.'

'Poor lad! An' where were ye dropped, then?'

I comprehended that 'to be dropped' signified in his vocabulary to be born in this world, and might have resented the unceremonious inquiry as to my birth and parentage had not the humorous pity in the old man's face set me off laughing.

'Niver across a harse! That's sad then! Well, well, ye've got all the more pleasure to come, ye see.'

'I will give you ten pounds to make a horseman of me.'

He looked me all over in his quaint way, and then shook his head.

'Keep yer trap, lad, keep yer trap. I'll teach ye, gin ye've sense to learn and are no fearful.'

'As for fear—I don't see why I should be afraid of beasts which every groom can manage. As for sense, I have found as yet I could learn whatever I took the trouble to learn.'

'Bravely spoken. Come wi' me, and we'll begin the day.—Ned, saddle t' owd black harse, and bring him round to skeul.'

So into the riding-school I went, and my education began.

As I expected, my lame leg gave me some trouble, and obliged me to ride—I do so still—with one stirrup shorter than the other. But by dint of a good will, and those steady nerves which, thanks to temperate living, I have always enjoyed even in the midst of ill health, I progressed so favourably that I elicited Warcop's praise.

'That's well. Haud your hand down and yer shoulders back, and ye'll make a bonny rider yet. Noo then, we'll try the bar a bit.'

'The bar?' quoth I. 'I shall be chucked over his head.'

'And what matter into this sawdust? T' owd harse is like an

armchair, I tell ye. An' mind this—a man may fa' owre his harse's head, but niver owre his harse's tail—forbye he rears, or gets his hindlers into a brook, or the like. So lean ye back, and owre ye'll go.'

I had my doubts; but I submitted, amid Warcop's eternal 'Hands down! Sit back, laddie!' I landed the first time between the horse's ears; the second time on his withers; and the third, to my great discomfort, on the pommel of the saddle.

'Dinna fash yerself, laddie,' quoth Warcop, unmoved as was the old horse, which I found was used as a training-horse for all the groom-boys. 'Ye've been a foot and more nearer each time, ye see. Ye'll come into the saddle next bout.'

And so I did, and got over afterwards decently enough.

'But, I feel I am thrown into the air each time?'

'Deed an' ye are not. Not a three inch; but gin ye leave the saddle at a', ye feel that ye're going clean aloft a regular fleebly-sky—Ho, ho, ho! But ye'll come o' that! Why, here's my lord!'

Yes, it was the boy, returned already.

'Why, I didn't know you were a rider.'

'Neither am I—I never was on a horse before.'

'You don't mean it. But you ride quite well enough—I wish you'd ride with me of a day. It is so abominably stupid dawdling about alone. That's why I came back.'

Needless to say I jumped at the proposal; and, very soon, to make a long story short, I was riding with him regularly daily.

## CHAPTER VIII.

OH! the delight of those rides! The new sense of power and freedom, of being able to go whither I chose, and what pace I chose; the exhilarating motion, the exhilarating air, the clearness of brain and the sharpness of appetite such as I had never felt before in my life. My lungs seemed, henceforward, to inspire fuller breath; my blood to course more lively through my veins; while that ancient foe, my liver, disappeared from among my sensations, and with it those fearful headaches which it inflicted on me once a month. Under the magic influence of those rides, I began to take a cheerfuller view of myself, the dear boy, and of all earth and heaven.

But it was for his sake, even more than for my own, that I

delighted in them. For now I began to spend a large part of my long lonely evenings in learning the geography, history, antiquities of the surrounding country, which I retailed to my pupil when we were out. We rode to old castles and manor-houses; and I told him the story of the families to which they belonged. Along river banks, whose course I pointed out to him. Past old Roman camps and Druid pillars, on which I lectured with such small knowledge as I had, and was well rewarded by his assuring me that, though he used to hate his rides as a necessary bore, they were now the pleasantest part of the day.

But greater was my delight when I found, as his bitterness and nonchalance vanished before exercise and amusement, that I had to deal with a mind of no common order. Quick-witted, argumentative, fanciful, and gifted; and, when growing interested he forgot his slang, with that exquisite grace of expression, which so many men and women afterwards admired—perhaps too much. I took heart and hope as I found I was setting my labour on no barren soil.

I could not help having—as young men will and should have—my ambitions, my hope of such success as was possible to a crippled student, without worldly position or worldly wealth. And now, was I not granted unlooked-for opportunity of success? For, his intelligence proving so considerable, the dream came over me that I might train my pupil to be a great statesman, one whose name might figure among those of famous political leaders, the men who carry forward and consolidate the glory of English history.

True, I knew too well the battle with weakness was not won yet. That common self-restraint, common industry, perhaps common principle even, had yet to be taught. I knew, too, the fertile soil when once stirred would grow weeds as well as wheat. Still it was fertile. I had not to deal with that most hopeless of creatures, a dullard and a dunce.

But dearer to my heart than any dream of training him as a statesman, was that of training him to be a worthy heir to, and, in God's good time, worthy owner of this noble place. I don't think I troubled about reward. The honour of the thing was enough in itself. For the beauty of Hove had rapt me; and it seemed to me in training the boy to govern it well, I should identify myself with its life and his life, thus making both him and it, in a sense, my own.



When I walked about the place, on which depended not merely the employment, but the civilisation and morality of hundreds, still more, when I rode the country-side for miles, north, south, and east, and west, and, on inquiry whose was the farm, whose the colliery, the parish, the township, received for answer—as if Puss in Boots had been there before me—that it belonged to the Earl of Longmoor, otherwise my lord Marquis of Carabas—and when I saw, too, the neglected fields and homesteads, the villages reeking with filth, the villagers degraded by poverty—when I saw the collieries, hideous sight! with their groups of half-naked girls, who seemed to have cast off all shame and womanhood, and of men, whose souls seemed as dark and foul as their bodies, their clusters of wretched cottages, far from church and school, upon some bleak moorside—when I saw those bleak moors themselves, capable, as Braithwaite had assured me, of growing rich crops, and contrasted them with the estates of Lord Yarborough (let his name be honoured!) in my native Lincolnshire, my heart burned within me, and I felt it a sacred duty to enlighten the boy regarding his tremendous obligation to the land and the dwellers upon it, to awaken not only his interest, but some instinct of service, remembering that of those to whom much has been given much also is, very surely, required.

Soon the opportunity came.

We had ridden out some three miles in a direction we had never taken before, when we passed, by bridle gates, through a large farm which offered a strikingly different aspect to that of all around.

The fields were full fifty acres each, and planted—it was the month of July—with every kind of crop, including some roots which were new to my eye, neatly drilled in rows. Not a weed was to be seen far or wide. Deep open cuttings, seemingly lately made, were carrying off the water after last night's thunderstorm. The sheep and cattle were of a different and larger breed than those of the neighbourhood. All bore marks of recent improvement, followed up by detailed industry, and, a sight strange in England then, over the large neat farm-buildings smoked the tall chimney of an engine-house.

'What a splendid farm!' quoth I. 'Whose is this?'

Hartover did not know. The groom on being asked said it was called Mere Ban—'Braithwaite's place.'

'Oh! that revolutionary rascal?'

'He has made a revolution here,' said I.



'He has, sir,' put in the groom. 'Seven years ago this land would not carry a horse for nine months in the year, most of it. All moor it was and deep moss.'

And the groom trotted on to open the next gate.

'Ah,' said I, 'why should not the whole estate be like this?'

'Why should it?'

The simplicity of the question shocked and puzzled me.

'Because—because'—I looked about for an answer—'your rent-roll would be doubled.'

'There is money enough in the family, I believe, already.'

'And so much more food would be grown, and so much more employment given.'

'I suppose so.'

'And—your duty towards your country and your king would be better done.'

'Humph. And pray what may that be, Mr. Philosopher?'

'To make England richer and stronger year by year.'

'You are always bothering about duty, old Philosopher.'

'It is God Who troubles people with their duty, Lord Hartover, and sometimes troubles them still more if they do not do it.'

'Well,' he said, 'what can I do? I am not in possession, you will be pleased to recollect; and if my father is an old'—he checked himself—'that is not my fault, is it?'

'No,' I hastened to reply—'and we are here not to pass judgment upon the actions and conduct of others, but only upon our own.'

Then I tried to put to him something of the obligations, as well as the privileges, which inheritance of a great name and property carry with them, recalling much that Mr. Braithwaite had said to me on that memorable drive, and using the excellent working of his farm and the words *noblesse oblige* as my text. The subject fired me, and I think I made my exposition and appeal not without a certain eloquence. The boy listened patiently and sweet-temperedly enough, though how far I raised an answering flame in him I could not then judge. That he should listen at all was so much to the good.

We had been walking the horses. Now, turning into a green lane shaded by an avenue of hedgerow elms, he put his horse to a trot; and, with a saucy, half-laughing lift of the head, said to me over his shoulder—

'Why not tell all this to the Rusher, instead of to me?'

'What has Colonel Esdaile to do with it?' I asked surprised, ranging my horse alongside his.

'Why, he stands next in the succession, don't you know that, my stepmother having no children. And though he is twice as old as I am, he has three times as good a constitution as mine. Don't go and say that probably at my age he took better care of his health. He racketted freely enough. But if you are built like a bull, and can carry as much liquor as would put half a dozen ordinary men under the table, with a steady head, you can afford to racket.'

The boy's cynical tone distressed me, while the fact he stated gave me cause for thought. I had not known Colonel Esdaile was next heir to the title and estate. It complicated the position; and, though I tried not to speculate on that point, put a different complexion upon his friendship with her ladyship. Did the boy speak at random only to tease me, or did he measure the significance of what he had just said?

## CHAPTER IX.

IN so large a house as Hover, it is possible for people to dwell for a long time under its roof without meeting, unless some common interest or occupation draws them together. Fully three weeks passed before I made acquaintance with Lord Longmoor's resident physician of the body; and the better part of three months before I held intercourse with his resident physician of the soul.

The latter gentleman, I own, I felt no particular craving to meet. He might be a highly respectable and pious person; but, from hints dropped by Warcop, and even by Hartover himself, I had reason to guess the influence he exercised over Lord Longmoor was antagonistic to my pupil, whose misdemeanours he was prone to magnify rather than excuse. Nor were my fears under this head allayed by our interview. It took place on the first day of grouse-shooting, when Hartover had gone to the moors with Colonel Esdaile and some gentlemen staying in the house.

Mr. Halidane, a rosy-faced, sleek-haired, stout young man of about thirty, entered the room smiling, shook me warmly by the hand—his own was white, plump and somewhat squashy—and inquired briskly—

'Mr. Brownlow, my dear sir, and how's your soul?'

I understood the meaning of the phrase, having experienced

46 similar little impertinences from College friends. The Evangelical movement at Cambridge was then in the flush of youthful extravagance, affecting, for good or evil, all sorts of characters in all sorts of different ways. Like the High Church party at Oxford, thirty years later—perhaps like every outbreak of fanaticism—it had its ascetic party, its mystical party, its formalist party; its dilettante and altogether insincere adherents—often the most active and noisy of all—hanging about the nucleus of really convinced and virtuous men like the nebulous tail round a comet. Attracted towards the movement by conceit or curiosity, and soon bound to it by interest and party spirit, they adopted little of its doctrine save a contempt for the uninitiated, and little of its practice save a few catch-words and fantastic phrases. While—since young men are prone to caricature their teachers—both contempt and catch-words were somewhat ostentatiously thrust in the faces of those who, like myself, belonged rather to the rational, and, as it was called, High and Dry School.

From my own excellent Master, Dr. Marston, as well as from the wise and learned divine—afterwards Bishop of Peterborough—whose theological lectures I attended, I had learnt that neither doctrine nor practice was to be based upon the shifting sand-bank of inward frames and feelings; but on the solid rock of reason and virtuous principles. I had seen, in my own Cambridge experience, how those same frames and feelings, when the first fervour of conversion cooled, required more and more unnatural excitement to keep them alive. Too often they died out entirely, leaving behind no solid foundation of good morals; and permitted the man who had trusted in them to become—save in a few external restrictions as to balls, parties, and race-meetings—as worldly, and sometimes even as sensual, as the unregenerate whom he despised. Though, therefore, I was not astonished at Mr. Halidane's address, it did not raise him in my estimation; and, after fencing the question by an answer which was too honest to be satisfactory to him, I began to watch the man narrowly in order to see how far he was really in earnest, and whether he was to be dealt with as a fanatic or as a hypocrite.

I soon became aware he was really in earnest. He talked largely about his own soul, about the earl's soul, about Lord Hartover's soul, in language which forbade me to doubt that their salvation was of real importance in his eyes. But conceit and egoism were patent in every word. I shrank from him inwardly, when he

proceeded to assure me that he was the subject of special revelations from Heaven ; and detailed to me instances in which his prayers had been miraculously answered. Then, again, I could scarcely repress a smile when, after talking of Lord Longmoor in language which expressed the most abject worship of rank, he finished by—

‘ But what of the friendship of the great of this world ? No, sir. Am I not greater than earls, princes, and potentates, I who converse daily with the King of Kings ? ’

I gathered from his conversation that he had been bred in the Kirk of Scotland ; that, discontented with it, he had left it for more than one form of dissent ; and had finally—so he said, though I doubted the truth of the definition—attached himself to a certain new sect of ‘ Saints indeed.’ In them alone, he asserted, all the marks of a perfect Church on Earth were to be found. They alone were assured of salvation ; and he pressed earnestly upon me, as I valued my own soul, to imitate the illustrious example of Lord Longmoor, and myself become a ‘ saint indeed.’

I humbly confessed my content with the church in which I had been born and brought up ; my ignorance of those experiences of mental self-torture and self-exaltation on which he insisted, as the commencement of Christian life ; and was consequently told, with melancholy sighs and shakes of the head, that I was still ‘ carnal,’ ‘ sold under sin,’ and certain of everlasting perdition.

I did not deny the charge, having expected it—and from the first. But I did not expect that by differing from Mr. Halidane, although in the most guarded and gentle language, I should make him on the spot my bitter enemy. I had had as yet insufficient experience of the party spirit which hardens the heart against feelings of genial humanity, and teaches men to see in all who will not support them and their clique the ‘ enemies of God,’ whom they are justified in ‘ hating right sore ’ even as though they were their private foes.

But enmity, though inspired then, did not show itself till later. Halidane was shrewd enough to keep the peace while he had an object to gain ; and he went on to extol Lord Longmoor’s piety and virtues in terms so grossly fulsome that I had much ado to avoid some counter-observations, which might have been carried straight to his lordship as a charge against me.

It may seem that I began to distrust the man too soon ; but there are instinctive repulsions and antipathies against which it is vain to fight, and instinct told, or seemed to tell me, that however

sincere his religious convictions, Halidane was not in some respects honest. I did not believe him, nor do I now, to have been consciously and deliberately false: but I had seen how fanaticism can demoralise. I had seen, too, how the braggart, whether he brag of earthly or of heavenly matters, is perpetually tempted to say and do anything which will further his own self-glorification. Therefore I was wary, and contented myself by remarking, that I was delighted to hear Lord Longmoor was so estimable; that I considered myself most fortunate in becoming a member of his household; and that I hoped that I should some day have the privilege of observing, in person, the excellences of which he spoke.

And at those words I observed a sudden shyness and restraint come over my new acquaintance.

Yes—he hoped so. He trusted so. But his lordship's health was so very weak; and he was so deeply occupied with the great work which he was preparing for the press, that—in short, you must be aware, my dear sir, these exalted personages, from the immense gulf which exists between them and us, are not to be expected to see much of—you understand me? As for myself, a humble servant of the good cause, if I am admitted somewhat often to his presence it is only in my religious capacity, as a helpmate—a secretary—a transcriber of his thoughts. In fact,' said he, with a giggle, 'as a sort of spiritual valet.'

I nearly did more than giggle at this ingenuous confession of the truth; but contented myself with assuring him that I had neither hope nor wish to aspire to the friendship of so great a person. All I desired was to receive his commands as to the course to be pursued with his son.

At mention of the boy, Mr. Halidane began to groan; and to groan still louder, when I informed him that I found the lad most intelligent, sweet-natured, open to all good impulses.

He caught at one word—nature.

'Nature? Filthy rags, a cage of unclean birds, sweet though they seem. Grace, my dear sir, grace is what is needed, and what, I fear, is not there.'

'On the contrary,' I said, getting a little naughty, 'I think Lord Hartover one of the most graceful persons I ever saw.'

He looked at me, puzzled, as I intended he should be—

'Graceful? It is a very different grace of which I speak.'

And he went on with certain theological propositions, on the

whole very true, though not stated in the most wise or merciful fashion.

'And it is my very painful duty to tell you, I hear that, instead of bringing the poor boy to a sense of his awful danger, you have been amusing his perishing soul, and wasting precious moments, by carnal instruction in the merest vanities—books—armour—antiquities, and such things.'

'Has Lord Longmoor any objection to my doing so?' I asked very simply.

'His lordship has but one anxiety about his son—his immortal soul—a sense of his situation.'

'Then will you be so kind as to tell his lordship that I have been doing my utmost, ever since I entered the house, to bring his son to that very sense of his situation.'

'So you think his soul in a very awful state?'

This was said as eagerly as if the questioner hoped for an affirmative. I suspected a trap, and began to look still more narrowly at my man.

'My opinion is worth little, my dear sir. We all, I suppose, know what Lord Hartover has been. Pray tell his lordship that I shall do my very best to bring about an utter change; and that I see already the most hopeful signs of it.'

'You trust in the arm of the flesh, sir! In the arm of the flesh! God alone can change his heart, and you arrogate to yourself the power of God. It is blasphemy, sir, and Pelagianism. Good-bye, and heaven send you a better mind!'

And he went out quite angry, leaving me to ponder over the strange contradictions of a system which, while asserting that all goodness is the gift of Heaven, condemns men to everlasting misery because they fail to have that which has not been given them.

I was seriously vexed however at Mr. Halidane leaving me thus in anger. I had no wish to make enemies, particularly of one who had my lord's ear. I blamed myself for my want of tact and caution: though, the more I looked into my words, the less I found for which to take myself to task. I had still to learn how unprofitable it is to deal with a fanatic, shut up within the four corners of his own system. When reason and humanity have both been abjured as carnal, common sense cannot evoke common sense, or a soft answer turn away wrath. So with a heavy heart, I awaited the boy's return from shooting.



## CHAPTER X.

I was not nervous or given to fancies ; but I cannot deny, as I waited for my pupil that evening, anxiety and depression grew upon me. On one excuse or another he had been away from me often lately. It was not easy to take a middle course between allowing him a dangerous measure of liberty and holding him with too tight a rein. I felt or imagined—more than probably the latter, as I told myself—alien influences were working against my control of him. Who was the plotter ? I could not say. But, for the past week or ten days, he had certainly been less sweet-tempered, less industrious, less open to suggestions of duty. I thought I detected a craving for novelty and for excitement. Perhaps the long day's sport, in the glorious air of the moors, would allay that craving, amuse him and send him home honestly tired to bed.

Nine o'clock struck.—Ten.—A scuffle on the stairs outside, and, supported by William, he burst in, heated, quarrelsome, noisy, in plain English more than half-drunk.

I was cut to the quick. For so long there had been no lapse of this kind. For the moment I was weak, losing faith and hope. Was this to be the end of my ambitions, my dreams for him and for Hover ? Was my Prince Charming—and more than merely Prince Charming—to sink into a miserable and useless sot ?

That which followed was painful. Why dwell on it ? To describe such things profits neither reader or writer. Best let them be hid. With the help of William—over whom I had acquired a certain ascendancy, and who, though ignorant and servile, was not a bad fellow at bottom—I got the boy to bed.

Next morning he sulked, too sick to eat, and also too ashamed, I believe, to risk an explanation. His head ached—he couldn't be bothered to talk. No—he hated billiards. He didn't want to ride—it was so wet and beastly out. After luncheon he announced defiantly that he was going to see Mademoiselle Fédore in the work-room. He wanted to speak to her about something. When I put in a gentle remonstrance he broke out, with an oath—'Why not ? She'd been very kind to him in the past. What would he have done but for her, before I came, when he was so lonely ? He believed I suspected her of evil designs. I was not fair to her.'—And so forth and so on—a perverted and truculent chivalry awakened in him. He was glad, moreover, I think, to find any

outside cause of anger wherewith to blow off the steam of his shame and anger against himself.

Short of force—which under the circumstances was impracticable—I could not prevent his going to the workroom. And, still defiant, he went.

After a while I betook myself to the stables, sadly enough, determined to take counsel of Warcop, who, at times, seemed to me the one really sane man in the establishment.

There was no need to state my errand. After looking round warily, to make sure no eavesdroppers were present, he began without further preamble—

‘So a’ the fat’s i’ the fire again, sir, worse luck.’

‘How did you hear that, Warcop?’

‘Everybody on the place has heard it by now. Mr. Marsigli let Lord Hartover in last night and ca’d William to him. And what Mr. Marsigli kens, Mamzell kens.’

‘Why?’

‘The twa furriners hang together—French Mamzell and Italian maccaroni—how should they not?’

He looked at me with a twinkle of humorous contempt.

‘And what Mamzell kens, her ladyship kens—for the main part. And what she kens, Mr. Halidane kens—an’ she pleases. And what he kens goes on to my lord, dished up, I promise you, wi’ all manner o’ slaving sickly-sweet sauce, to tickle his swallow just as Mr. Halidane wants it tickled—that is to my young lord’s disrepute and disgrace.’

Warcop must have been deeply moved to lay aside his Yorkshire caution thus, and express himself so freely even to me. I was shocked, though not wholly surprised. It was an ugly chain; but one link was still missing, so I thought. I asked him—

‘And what about Colonel Esdaile in all this?’

Warcop shook his head.

‘I canna tell ye,’ he said slowly. ‘I do not ken myself. By times I seem to hold the truth of it a’ by the tail, and then again it slips fra between my fingers. Never have I gripped it fairly round the belly yet. I doubt if the colonel has ever gripped it fairly any more than me. A man may be pulled twa ways too hard to ken which way he wants to travel most.’

And he was silent. Evidently he spoke in good faith, and had said his last word on that point. But there was something further I had to ask. I told him so, adding—



'I have not a soul I can depend on, Warcop, except you. I know your first object is the dear boy's well-being.'

'Deed,' he interrupted, 'an' you're right. I've been in t' stables here ever syne I was ten years auld, ever syne I cam' wi' my father out of bonny Craven. And I've had but twa things to fill my heart for mony a year, and that is t' harses and t' lad. T' harses canna be mended, though I say it; for I've had the breeding of them and t' making of them. T' lad can; for I've had na t' breeding o' him; and I've no had the making of him neither, nebbut his riding, which he needna be ashamed on nor I either,—so ye must do t' mending, sir. Ye've begun well and ye mustna be disheartened and go back on your work, though the odds are against you. I don't say they're not. But hold on, sir, hold on. Don't turn back at this check, and you'll bring him through at last, and God bless you for it—he raised his hat reverently—'bless you and your work.'

I thanked him, told him he had done me good. So he had. My faith and hope revived. Better still, perhaps, my resolution revived also.

'But tell me this,' I said. 'I will keep it, you may be very sure, to myself. Do you think there is anything going on between his lordship and Mademoiselle Fedore?'

Warcop's face assumed its true Yorkshire, that is to say its wily foxy expression.

'You have twa odd names t' couple together! Well then—I suppose the French she-devil has been doing a' her powers to snare him this long time past—and that's truth.'

'But has she snared him?'

'Well then—I suppose the she-kite kens her trade well enough.'

'But—I had better make a clean breast of it, Warcop. I spoke to him about her to-day; and he was furious, took me up short, refusing to hear a word against her, vows she is as pure as snow.'

'Then why don't you believe him, sir?'

'Do you believe it?'

'I may ha' my own reasons.'

'And so may I, Warcop.'

He sat down on a bin, and began drumming with his heels and chewing violently at the straw in his mouth. Suddenly he looked up with a strong word.

'I've found it,' he said. 'Oh! the whinnying she-kite! T'ane's ill, but this is worse than ill!'

'What?'

'Why this virtuous dodge—Ah! they lasses! I've kenned it a' before this. Dinnot ye see for yerself?'

'See what?'

'Why, that she wants to have him on to marry her. I'll warrant that's her game, the jade. 'Od but I'll wring her thrapple with my ain hands first!'

And springing up from the bin he tramped to and fro fiercely.

That idea had never, I admit, occurred to me. My knowledge of women, my knowledge of life, indeed, was small; and, at first, it struck me as preposterous.

'But he is so young!' I said.

'Wi' your high-bred colt, your high-bred dog, young blood's hot.'

'She is years older than him—and then the difference of position, of rank.'

'Strange meats whet appetite,' he said. 'So do strange women. Ha' you never read your Bible, sir, your Auld Testament? There's a might o' very curious learning anent the ways o' man and woman in Holy Writ. Watch him, sir, watch him; but about her be careful to keep your mouth shut. To blame her, with a generous lad, is but to send up her price. Ah! the pity he's no sisters, now, no young ladies of his ain house and class to be sweet on and play with. One lass 'll drive another lass out o' a lad's head, but it's plaguy work to drive her out else.'

The next day the dear boy's shame took a more gracious turn. Within the week he had resumed his former habits and our affectionate relations were re-established. Moreover, Her Magnificence left Hover for a time to pay a round of visits—while his lordship, Mr. Halidane, his doctor and three men-servants in attendance, moved to Bath, as was his wont in the autumn, to drink the waters and confer regarding spiritual matters, as I understood, with certain 'saints indeed' there resident.

Lady Longmoor had taken Mademoiselle Fédore along with her—for which I gave God thanks.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE FEAR OF FEAR.

'In a charge,' said the Sergeant, 'the "Hotwater Guards" don't think about going back till there's none of them left to go back; and you can always remember this: if you go forward you *may* die, if you go back you *will* die.'

The memory of that phrase came back to Private Everton, tramping down the dark road to the firing-line. Just because he had no knowledge of how he himself would behave in this his baptism of fire, just because he was in deadly fear that he would feel fear, or, still worse, show it, he strove to fix that phrase firmly in front of his mind. 'If I can remember that,' he thought, 'it will stop me going back, anyway,' and he repeated: 'If you go back you *will* die, if you go back you *will* die,' over and over.

It is true that for all his repetition, when a field battery, hidden close by the side of the road on which they marched, roared in a sudden and ear-splitting salvo of six guns, for the instant he thought he was under fire and that a huge shell had burst somewhere desperately close to them. He had jumped, his comrades assured him afterwards, a clear foot and a half off the ground, and he himself remembered that his first involuntary glance and thought flashed to the deep ditch that ran alongside the road.

When he came to the trenches, at last, and filed down the narrow communication-trench and into his Company's appointed position in the deep ditch with a narrow platform along its front that was the forward fire-trench, he remembered with unpleasant clearness that instinctive start and thought of taking cover. By that time he had actually been under fire, had heard the shells rush over him and the shattering noise of their burst; had heard the bullets piping and humming and hissing over the communication- and firing-trenches. He took a little comfort from the fact that he had not felt any great fear then, but he had to temper that by the admission that there was little to be afraid of there in the shelter of the deep trench. It was what he would do and feel when he climbed out of cover on to the exposed and bullet-swept flat before the trench that he was in doubt about; for the Hotwaters had been told that at nine o'clock there was to be a brief but intense bombardment on a section of trench in front of them which had been captured from us the day before, and which after several counter-attacks

had failed, was to be taken that morning by this battalion of Hotwaters.

At half-past eight, nobody entering their trench would have dreamed that the Hotwaters were going into a serious action in half an hour. The men were lounging about, squatting on the firing-step, chaffing and talking — laughing even — quite easily and naturally; some were smoking, and others had produced biscuits and bully beef from their haversacks and were calmly eating their breakfast.

Everton felt a glow of pride as he looked at them. These men were his friends, his fellows, his comrades: they were of the Hotwater Guards—his regiment, and his battalion. He had heard often enough that the Guards Brigades were the finest brigades in the Army, that this particular brigade was the best of all the Guards, that his battalion was the best of the Brigade. Hitherto he had rather deprecated these remarks as savouring of pride and self-conceit, but now he began to believe that they must be true; and so believing, if he had but known it, he had taken another long step on the way to becoming the perfect soldier, who firmly believes his regiment the finest in the world and is ready to die in proof of the belief.

'Dusty Miller,' the next file on his left, who was eating bread and cheese, spoke to him.

'Why don't you eat some grub, Toffee?' he mumbled cheerfully with his mouth full. 'In a game like this you never know when you'll get the next chance of a bite.'

'Don't feel particularly hungry,' answered Toffee with an attempt to appear as off-handed and casual and at ease as his questioner. 'So I think I'd better save my ration until I'm hungry.'

Dusty Miller sliced off a wedge of bread with the knife edge against his thumb, popped it in his mouth, and followed it with a corner of cheese.

'A-ah!' he said profoundly, and still munching. 'There's no sense in saving rations when you're going into action. I'd a chum once that always did that; said he got more satisfaction out of a meal when the job was over, and he was real hungry, and had a chance to eat in comfort—more or less comfort. And one day we was for it he saved a tin o' sardines and a big chunk of cake and a bottle of pickled onions that had just come to him from home the day before; said he was looking forward to a good feed that

night after the show was over. And—and he was killed that day !’

Dusty Miller halted there with the inborn artistry that left his climax to speak for itself.

‘Hard luck!’ said Toffee sympathetically. ‘So his feed was wasted.’

‘Not to say wasted exactly,’ said Dusty, resuming bread and cheese. ‘Because I remembers to this day how good them onions was. Still it was wasted, far as he was concerned—and he was particular fond o’ pickled onions.’

But even the prospect of wasting his rations did nothing to induce Toffee to eat a meal. The man on Toffee’s right was crouched back on the firing-step apparently asleep or near it. Dusty Miller had turned and opened a low-toned conversation with the next man, the frequent repetition of ‘I says’ and ‘she says’ affording some clue to the thread of his story and inclining Toffee to believe it not meant for him to hear. He felt he must speak to someone, and it was with relief that he saw Halliday, the man on his other side, rouse himself and look up. Something about Toffee’s face caught his attention.

‘How are you feeling?’ he asked, leaning forward and speaking quietly. ‘This is your first charge, isn’t it?’

‘Yes,’ said Toffee, ‘I’m all right. I—I think I’m all right.’

The other moved slightly on the firing-step, leaving a little room, and Toffee took this as an invitation to sit down. Halliday continued to speak in low tones that were not likely to pass beyond his listener’s ear.

‘Don’t you get scared,’ he said. ‘You’ve nothing much to be scared about.’

He threw a little emphasis, and Toffee fancied a little envy, into the ‘you.’

‘I’m not scared exactly,’ said Toffee. ‘I’m sort of wondering what it will be like.’

‘I know,’ said Halliday, ‘I know; and who should, if I didn’t? But I can tell you this—you don’t need to be afraid of shells, you don’t need to be afraid of bullets, and least of all is there any need to be afraid of the cold iron when the Hotwaters get into the trench. You don’t need to be afraid of being wounded, because that only means home and a hospital and a warm dry bed; you don’t need to be afraid of dying, because you’ve got to die some day, anyhowt. There’s only one thing in this game to be afraid of, and there isn’t.’

many finds that in their first engagement. It's the ones like me that get it.'

Toffee glanced at him curiously and in some amazement. Now that he looked closely, he could see that, despite his easy loungeful attitude and steady voice, and apparently indifferent look, there was something odd and unexplainable about Halliday: some faintest twitching of his lips, a shade of pallor on his cheek, a hunted look deep at the back of his eyes. Everton tried to speak lightly.

'And what is it, then, that the likes o' you get?'

Halliday's voice sank to little more than a whisper. 'It's the fear o' fear,' he said steadily. 'Maybe, you think you know what that is, that you feel it yourself. You know what I mean, I suppose?'

Toffee nodded. 'I think so,' he said. 'What I fear myself is that I'll be afraid and show that I'm afraid, that I'll do something rotten when we get out up there.'

He jerked his head up and back towards the open where the rifles sputtered and the bullets whistled querulously.

'There's plenty fear that,' admitted Halliday, 'before their first action; but mostly it passes the second they leave cover and can't protect themselves and have to trust to whatever there is outside themselves to bring them through. You don't know the beginning of how bad the fear o' fear can be till you have seen dozens of your mates killed, till you've had death no more than touch you scores of times—like I have.'

'But you don't mean to tell me,' said Toffee incredulously, 'that you are afraid of yourself, that you can't trust yourself now? Why, I've heard said often that you're one of the coolest under fire, and that you don't know what fear is!'

'It's a good reputation to have if you can keep it,' said Halliday. 'But it makes it worse if you can't.'

'I wish,' said Toffee enviously, 'I was as sure of keeping it as you are to-day.'

Halliday pulled his hand from his pocket and held it beside him where only Toffee could see it. It was quivering like a flag-halliard in a stiff breeze. He thrust it back in his pocket.

'Doesn't look too sure, does it?' he said grimly. 'And my heart is shaking a sight worse than my hand.'

He was interrupted by the arrival of a group of German shells on and about the section of trench they were in. One burst on the rear lip of the trench, splattering earth and bullets about them and

leaving a choking reek swirling and eddying along the trench. There was silence for an instant, and then an officer's voice called from the near traverse 'Is anybody hit there?' A sergeant shouted back 'No, sir,' and was immediately remonstrated with by an indignant private busily engaged in scraping the remains of a mud clod from his eye.

'You might wait a minute, Sergeant,' he said, 'afore you reports no casualties, just to give us time to look round and count if all our limbs is left on. And I've serious doubts at this minute whether my eye is in its right place or bulging out the back o' my head; anyway, it feels as if an eight-inch Krupp had bumped fair into it.'

When the explosion came, Toffee Everton had instinctively ducked and crouched, but he noticed that Halliday never moved or gave a sign of the nearness of any danger. Toffee remarked this to him.

'And I don't see,' he confessed, 'where that fits in with this hand-and heart-shaking o' yours.'

Halliday looked at him curiously.

'If that was the worst,' he said, 'I could stand it. It isn't. It isn't the beginning of the least of the worst. If it had fell in the trench, now, and mucked up half a dozen men, there'd have been something to squeal about. That's the sort o' thing that breaks a man up—your own mates that was talking to you a minute afore, ripped to bits and torn to ribbons. I've seen nothing left of a whole live man but a pair o' burnt boots. I've seen——' He stopped abruptly and shivered a little. 'I'm not going to talk about it,' he said. 'I think about it and see it too often in my dreams as it is. And, besides,' he went on, 'I didn't duck that time, because I've learnt enough to know it's too late to duck when the shell bursts a dozen yards from you. I'm not so much afraid of dying, either. I've got to die, I've little doubt, before this war is out; I don't think there's a dozen men in this battalion that came out with it in the beginning and haven't been home sick or wounded since. I've seen one-half the battalion wiped out in one engagement and built up with drafts, and the other half wiped out in the next scrap. We've lost fifty and sixty and seventy per cent. of our strength at different times, and I've come through it all without a scratch. Do you suppose I don't know it's against reason for me to last out much longer? But I'm not afraid o' that. I'm not afraid of the worst death I've seen a man die—and that's something



pretty bad, believe me. What I'm afraid of is myself, of my nerve cracking, of my doing something that will disgrace the Regiment.'

The man's nerves were working now; there was a quiver of excitement in his voice, a greyer shade on his cheek, a narrowing and a restless movement of his eyes, a stronger twitching of his lips. More shells crashed sharply; a little along the line a gust of rifle-bullets swept over and into the parapet; a Maxim rap-rapped and its bullets spat hailing along the parapet above their heads.

Halliday caught his breath and shivered again.

'That,' he said—'that is one of the devils we've got to face presently.' His eyes glanced furtively about him. 'God!' he muttered, 'if I could only get out of this! 'Tisn't fair, I tell ye, it isn't fair to ask a man that's been through what I have to take it on again, knowing that if I do come through, 'twill be the same thing to go through over and over until they get me; or until my own sergeant shoots me for refusing to face it.'

Everton had listened in amazed silence—an understanding utterly beyond him. He knew the name that Halliday bore in the regiment, knew that he was seeing and hearing more than Halliday perhaps had ever shown or told to anyone. Shamefacedly and self-consciously, he tried to say something to console and hearten the other man, but Halliday interrupted him roughly.

'That's it!' he said bitterly. 'Go on! Pat me on the back and tell me to be a good boy and not to be frightened. I'm coming to it at last: old Bob Halliday that's been through it from the beginning, one o' the Old Contemptibles, come down to be mothered and hushaby-baby'd by a blanky recruit, with the first polish hardly off his new buttons.'

He broke off and into bitter cursing, reviling the Germans, the war, himself and Everton, his sergeant and platoon commander, the O.C., and at last the regiment itself. But at that the torrent of his oaths broke off, and he sat silent and shaking for a minute. He glanced sideways at last at the embarrassed Everton.

'Don't take no notice o' me, chum,' he said. 'I wasn't speaking too loud, was I? The others haven't noticed, do you think? I don't want to look round for a minute.'

Everton assured him that he had not spoken too loud, that nobody appeared to have noticed anything, and that none were looking their way. He added a feeble question as to whether



Halliday, if he felt so bad, could not report himself as sick or something and escape having to leave the trench.

Halliday's lips twisted in a bitter grin.

'That would be a pretty tale,' he said. 'No, boy, I'll try and pull through once more, and if my heart fails me—look here, I've often thought o' this, and some day, maybe, it will come to it.'

He lifted his rifle and put the butt down in the trench bottom, slipped his bayonet out, and holding the rifle near the muzzle with one hand, with the other placed the point of the bayonet to the trigger of the rifle. He removed it instantly and returned it to its place.

'There's always that,' he said. 'It can be done in a second, and no matter how a man's hand shakes, he can steady the point of the bayonet against the trigger-guard, push it down till the point pushes the trigger home.'

'Do you mean,' stammered Everton in amazement—'do you mean—shoot yourself?'

'Ssh! not so loud,' cautioned Halliday. 'Yes, it's better than being shot by my own officer, isn't it?'

Everton's mind was floundering hopelessly round this strange problem. He could understand a man being afraid; he was not sure that he wasn't afraid himself; but that a man afraid that he could not face death could yet contemplate certain death by his own hand, was completely beyond him.

Halliday drew his breath in a deep sigh.

'We'll say no more about it,' he said. 'I feel better now; it's something to know I always have that to fall back on at the worst. I'll be all right now—until it comes the minute to climb over the parapet.'

It was nearly nine o'clock, and word was passed down the line for every man to get down as low as he could in the bottom of the trench. The trench they were about to attack was only forty or fifty yards away, and since the Heavies as well as the Field guns were to bombard, there was quite a large possibility of splinters and fragments being thrown by the lyddite back as far as the British trench. At nine, sharp to the tick of the clock, the *rush, rush, rush* of a field battery's shells passed overhead. Because the target was so close, the passing shells seemed desperately near to the British parapet, as indeed they actually were. The rush of the shells and the crash of their explosion sounded in the forward trench before the boom of the guns which fired them travelled to the British

trench. Before the first round of this opening battery had finished, another and another joined in, and then, in a deluge of noise, the intense bombardment commenced.

Crouching low in the bottom of the trench, half deafened by the uproar, the men waited for the word to move. The concentrated fire on this portion of front indicated clearly to the Germans that an attack was coming, and where it was to be expected. The obviously correct procedure for the gunners was of course to have bombarded many sections of front so that no certain clue would be given as to the point of the coming attack. But this was in the days when shells were very, very precious things, and gunners had to grit their teeth helplessly, doling out round by round, while the German gun- and rifle-fire did its worst. The Germans, then, could see now where the attack was concentrated, and promptly proceeded to break it up before it was launched. Shells began to sweep the trench where the Hotwater Guards lay, to batter at their parapet, and to prepare a curtain of fire along their front.

Everton lay and listened to the appalling clamour; but when the word was passed round to get ready, he rose to his feet and climbed to the firing-step without any overpowering sense of fear. A sentence from the man on his left had done a good deal to hearten him.

'Gostrewth! 'ark at our guns!' he said. 'They ain't 'arf pitchin' it in. W'y, this ain't goin' to be no charge; it's going to be a sort of merry picnic, a game of "'Ere we go gatherin' nuts in May.'" There won't be any Germans left in them trenches, and we'll 'ave nothin' to do but collect the 'elmets and sooveneers and make ourselves at 'ome.'

'Did you hear that?' Everton asked Halliday. 'Is it anyways true, do you think?'

'A good bit,' said Halliday. 'I've never seen a bit of German front smothered up by our guns the way this seems to be now, though I've often enough seen it the other way. The trench in front should be smashed past any shape for stopping our charge if the gunners are making any straight shooting at all.'

It was evident that the whole trench shared his opinion, and expressions of amazed delight ran up and down the length of the Hotwaters. When the order came to leave the trench, the men were up and out of it with a bound.

Everton was too busy with his own scramble out to pay much

heed to Halliday ; but as they worked out through their own barbed wire, he was relieved to find him at his side. He caught Everton's look, and although his teeth were gripped tight, he nodded cheerfully. Presently, when they were forming into line again beyond the wire, Halliday spoke.

'Not too bad,' he said. 'The guns has done it for us this time. Come on, now, and keep your wits when you get across.'

In the ensuing rush across the open, Everton was conscious of no sensation of fear. The guns had lifted their fire farther back as the Hotwaters emerged from their trench, and the rush and rumble of their shells was still passing overhead as the line advanced. The German artillery hardly dared drop their range to sweep the advance, because of its proximity to their own trench. A fairly heavy rifle-fire was coming from the flanks, but to a certain extent that was kept down by some of our batteries spreading their fire over those portions of the German trench which were not being attacked, and by a heavy rifle- and machine-gun fire which was pelted across from the opposite parts of the British line.

From the immediate front, which was the Hotwaters' objective, there was practically no attempt at resistance until the advance was half-way across the short distance between the trenches, and even then it was no more than a spasmodic attempt and the feeble resistance of a few rifles and a machine-gun. The Hotwaters reached the trench with comparatively slight loss, pushed into it, and over it, and pressed on to the next line, the object being to threaten the continuance of the attack, to take the next trench if the resistance was not too severe, and so to give time for the reorganisation of the first captured trench to resist the German counter-attack.

Everton was one of the first to reach the forward trench. It had been roughly handled by the artillery fire, and the men in it made little show of resistance. The Hotwaters swarmed into the broken ditch, shooting and stabbing the few who fought back, disarming the prisoners who had surrendered with hands over their heads and quavering cries of 'Kamerad.' Everton rushed one man who appeared to be in two minds whether to surrender or not, fingering and half lifting his rifle and lowering it again, looking round over his shoulder, once more raising his rifle muzzle. Everton killed him with the bayonet. Afterwards he climbed out and ran on, after the line had pushed forward to the next trench. There was an awe, and a thrill of satisfaction in his heart as he looked

at his stained bayonet, but, as he suddenly recognised with a tremendous joy, not the faintest sensation of being afraid. He looked round grinning to the man next him, and was on the point of shouting some jest to him, when he saw the man stumble and pitch heavily on his face. It flashed into Everton's mind that he had tripped over a hidden wire, and he was about to shout some chaffing remark, when he saw the back of the man's head as he lay face down. But even that unpleasant sight brought no fear to him.

There was a stout barricade of wire in front of the next trench, and an order was shouted along to halt and lie down in front of it. The line dropped, and while some lay prone and fired as fast as they could at any loophole or bobbing head they could see, others lit bombs and tossed them into the trench. This trench also had been badly mauled by the shells, and the fire from it was feeble. Everton lay firing for a few minutes, casting side glances on an officer close in front of him, and on two or three men along the line who were coolly cutting through the barbed wire with heavy nippers. Everton saw the officer spin round and drop to his knees, his left hand nursing his hanging right arm. Everton jumped up and went over to him.

'Let me go on with it, sir,' he said eagerly, and without waiting for any consent stooped and picked up the fallen wire-cutters and set to work. He and the others, standing erect and working on the wire, naturally drew a heavy proportion of the aimed fire; but Everton was only conscious of an uplifting exhilaration, a delight that he should have had the chance of such a prominent position. Many bullets came very close to him, but none touched him, and he went on cutting wire after wire, quickly and methodically, grasping the strand well in the jaws of the nippers, gripping till the wire parted and the severed ends sprang loose, calmly fitting the nippers to the next strand.

Even when he had cut a clear path through, he went on working, widening the breach, cutting more wires, dragging the trailing ends clear. Then he ran back to the line and to the officer who had lain watching him.

'Your wire-nippers, sir,' he said. 'Shall I put them in your case for you?'

'Stick them in your pocket, Everton,' said the youngster; 'you've done good work with them. Now lie down here.'

All this was a matter of no more than three or four minutes' work. When the other gaps were completed—the men in them

being less fortunate than Everton and having several wounded during the task—the line rose, rushed streaming through the gaps and down into the trench. If anything, the damage done by the shells was greater there than in the first line, mainly perhaps because the heavier guns had not hesitated to fire on the second line where the closeness of the first line to the British would have made risky shooting. There were a good many dead and wounded Germans in this second trench, and of the remainder many were hidden away in their dug-outs, their nerves shaken beyond the sticking-point of courage by the artillery fire first, and later by the close-quarter bombing and the rush of the cold steel.

The Hotwaters held that trench for some fifteen minutes. Then a weak counter-attack attempted to emerge from another line of trenches a good two hundred yards back, but was instantly fallen upon by our artillery and scourged by the accurate fire of the Hotwaters. The attack broke before it was well under way, and scrambled back under cover.

Shortly afterwards the first captured trench having been put into some shape for defence, the advance line of the Hotwaters retired. A small covering party stayed and kept up a rapid fire till most of the others had gone, and then climbed through the trench and doubled back after them.

The officer, whose wire-cutters Everton had used, had been hit rather badly in the arm. He had made light of the wound, and remained in the trench with the covering party; but when he came to retire, he found that the pain and loss of blood had left him shaky and dizzy. Everton helped him to climb from the trench; but as they ran back he saw from the corner of his eye that the officer had slowed to a walk. He turned back and, ignoring the officer's advice to push on, urged him to lean on him. It ended up by Everton and the officer being the last men in, Everton half supporting, half carrying the other. Once more he felt a childish pleasure at this opportunity to distinguish himself. He was half intoxicated with the heady wine of excitement and success, he asked only for other and greater and riskier opportunities. 'Risk,' he thought contemptuously, 'is only a pleasant excitement, danger the spice to the risk.' He asked his Sergeant to be allowed to go out and help the stretcher-bearers who were clearing the wounded from the ground over which the first advance had been made.

'No,' said the Sergeant shortly. 'The stretcher-bearers have their job, and they've got to do it. Your job is here, and you can

stop and do that. You've done enough for one day.' Then, conscious perhaps that he had spoken with unnecessary sharpness, he added a word. 'You've made a good beginning, lad, and done good work for your first show; don't spoil it with rank gallery play.'

But now that the German gunners knew the British line had advanced and held the captured trench, they pelted it, the open ground behind it, and the trench that had been the British front line, with a storm of shell-fire. The rifle-fire was hotter, too, and the rallied defence was pouring in a whistling stream of bullets. But the captured trench, which it will be remembered was a recaptured British one, ran back and joined up with the British lines. It was possible therefore to bring up plenty of ammunition, sandbags, and reinforcements, and by now the defence had been sufficiently made good to have every prospect of resisting any counter-attack and of withstanding the bombardment to which it was being subjected. But the heavy fire drove the stretcher-bearers off the open ground, while there still remained some dead and wounded to be brought in.

Everton had missed Halliday, and his anxious inquiries failed to find him or any word of him, until at last one man said he believed Halliday had been dropped in the rush on the first trench. Everton stood up and peered back over the ground behind them. Thirty yards away he saw a man lying prone and busily at work with his trenching-tool, endeavouring to build up a scanty cover. Everton shouted at the pitch of his voice 'Halliday!' The digging figure paused, lifted the trenching-tool and waved it, and then fell to work again. Everton pressed along the crowded trench to the sergeant.

'Sergeant,' he said breathlessly, 'Halliday's lying out there wounded, he's a good pal o' mine and I'd like to fetch him in.'

The sergeant was rather doubtful. He made Everton point out the digging figure, and was calculating the distance from the nearest point of the trench, and the bullets that drummed between.

'It's almost a cert you get hit,' he said, 'even if you crawl out. He's got a bit of cover and he's making more, fast. I think——'

A voice behind interrupted, and Everton and the Sergeant turned to find the Captain looking up at them.

'What's this?' he repeated, and the Sergeant explained the position.

'Go ahead!' said the Captain. 'Get him in if you can, and good luck to you.'



Everton wanted no more. Two minutes later he was out of the trench and racing back across the open.

'Come on, Halliday,' he said. 'I'll give you a hoist in. Where are you hit?'

'Leg and arm,' said Halliday briefly; and then, rather ungraciously, 'You're a fool to be out here; but I suppose now you're here, you might as well give me a hand in.'

But he spoke differently after Everton had given him a hand, had lifted him and carried him, and so brought him back to the trench and lowered him into waiting hands. His wounds were bandaged and, before he was carried off, he spoke to Everton.

'Good-bye, Toffee,' he said and held out his left hand, 'I owe you a heap. And look here——' He hesitated a moment and then spoke in tones so low that Everton had to bend over the stretcher to hear him. 'My leg's smashed bad, and I'm done for the Front and the old Hotwaters. I wouldn't like it to get about—I don't want the others to think—to know about me feeling—well, like I told you back there before the charge.'

Toffee grabbed the uninjured hand hard. 'You old frost!' he said gaily, 'there's no need to keep it up any longer now; but I don't mind telling you, old man, you fairly hoaxed me that time, and actually I believed what you were saying. 'Course, I know better now; but I'll punch the head off any man that ever whispers a word against you.'

Halliday looked at him queerly. 'Good-bye, Toffee,' he said again, 'and thank ye.'

BOYD CABLE.



## IDEALS AND CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH CULTURE.

(*Being the Rede Lecture for 1915.*)

BY SIR FREDERIC KENYON, K.C.B., LITT.D.

A YEAR ago, when the Vice-Chancellor did me the great honour of inviting me to deliver the Rede Lecture in 1915, the heart of the nation was being searched as it had not been for many a generation. Indeed, so much has self-consciousness increased within the last half-century that it is perhaps true to say that never in any previous crisis has our nation so generally and so seriously interrogated itself as to the justice of its cause and the purity of its motives. The great struggle in which we are still engaged took from the first the aspect of a struggle between rival types of civilisation. The immediate occasion of the cataclysmic upheaval was instantly obscured and lost in the claim put forward by Germany to assert the supremacy of her type of culture over any other type existing in the world. The most presentable of the pleas formulated on her behalf was based upon the fear lest Teutonic civilisation should in course of time be overwhelmed by the civilisation of the Slavs, and again and again have the spokesmen of Germany asserted, almost as an axiom, the superiority of German 'Kultur' as a fact which justified the exertion of every effort of force to secure its future and to impose it even upon an unwilling and ungrateful world. The war which will make the second decade of the twentieth century memorable for centuries yet to come is not in its essence a war of territorial aggression or dynastic glorification; it is a war, on the one side to assert the intellectual, moral, and material supremacy of a certain race and a certain type of culture, and on the other side to resist that assertion and to vindicate the right of independent development for other races and rival types.

Consequently, in those early months of the war which now seem so distant, all thinking men in England must have felt themselves faced by the question, What is the ideal of culture or of civilisation which we have to set up against that of our enemies? What is the special type or principle which we would vindicate for England as against this arrogant claim of Germany? What has England done for civilisation in the past, and what does she stand for in the present? It was not that any doubt existed in

our minds as to the value of England's contribution to civilisation in the past, or its right to exist in the present. Rather it was that the value had been taken for granted, and it had not seemed worth while to analyse it; and the challenge, arrogant as it was, and accompanied as it was by features of outrage which left no ground for hesitation as to our immediate duty, called on us at the same time to search our hearts and to ask ourselves, soberly and deliberately, what England stands for in the history of civilisation.

The full answer to this question would go far beyond the limits of a single lecture. There are ideals of honour, of justice, of good faith; there are ideals of political freedom, of the reign of law, of imperial duty; on a lower plane there are principles of material well-being; all of which form important parts in the case which could be presented on behalf of England. But the claim on the part of our adversary, who has necessarily avoided the ground of honour and good faith, of freedom and of law, has been especially a claim of superiority in the region of intellectual culture. It seemed therefore worth while to challenge this claim, and that not by criticising the weaknesses of German civilisation, but by considering what is the strength of our own. It is not our case to decry the contributions made to the common store by German individuals or German States, however much we may protest against the exploitation of these intellectual achievements in the interest of the least intellectual and most material of German States. Our case is that other nations have made their contributions to the common store likewise, and have their own right to exist independent of any domination whatsoever; and, in particular, that England has ideals of culture, and records of intellectual achievement in the past, which will bear comparison with those of any other nation in the world.

There is one initial difficulty in thus taking stock of our national merits and demerits, namely, our inveterate habit (so misleading to the simple Teutonic mind) of self-depreciation. There have been such ample illustrations of this habit during the past year that it is hardly necessary to labour this point. Our critics love to point out our inferiority to this or that foreign nation, and to hold up ideals of perfection which exist anywhere except in their own country. To the faults of other countries they can be blind, and to their virtues very kind, but never to those of their own. If we wish to find depreciation of English art, of English literature, of English taste, of English character, of English manners and customs, we need not

look beyond the critics of our own household. And this habit of national self-depreciation, which began, I think, with Horace Walpole, but became inveterate with the writers and artists of the Middle Victorian period, is not a form or a result of modesty. It is merely an acute consciousness, on the part of the critics, of each other's infirmities. The critic has no doubt of his own artistic or literary competence; it is only that of his fellow-countrymen, who disagree with or do not appreciate him, that he distrusts.

What we need at the present moment, when the nation is called upon to summon all her spiritual strength to defend her threatened existence, is to see, steadily and as a whole, the nature of our national spirit, and so to let our conviction of its value, as a thing worth fighting and, if need be, dying for, rest upon a settled and reasoned consciousness. We have heard much, but not too much, of the call for the mobilisation of our spiritual resources; and it should not be forgotten that those spiritual forces include not only the moral strength which comes from the conviction of the justice of our cause in the immediate controversy in which the war originated, but also the sense that we are fighting for a treasure worthy of our highest enthusiasm and devotion, and that we are defending the interests not merely of our country but of humanity.

The culture of any nation, and the contribution which it makes to the common progress of humanity, have their roots far back in the history of that nation. The spirit which produced the Gothic architecture of France is part of the spirit which makes French culture worth preserving to-day; and you cannot separate the Italy of the twentieth century from the Italy of Dante and the Renaissance. Even more, perhaps, is it right to take a long view in the case of a country which, like our own, has known no violent disturbance of continuity—unless, indeed, the Norman Conquest be counted as such—and in which influences, whether of culture or of political development, have broadened and deepened, or have wavered and fluctuated, through centuries, but have never wholly ceased to operate. We have not merely the right but the duty, in estimating the value and character of English ideals of culture to-day, to consider what they have been in the past, what they have contributed to European progress, and how they have been absorbed into the national character and spirit. As one also of your own poets has said:

‘Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,’

and our contributions to European civilisation began far back with our Saxon ancestors. We look back, past the Great Charter and the achievements of our early Norman legislators, to the free institutions of these Saxon ancestors as a vital element in the political history of the English people ; and we are equally justified in calling to mind the intellectual and artistic achievements of the same period as a vital element in the history of English culture. And I am the more tempted to do so because one of the most striking features of this early culture is frequently ignored even by our own critics, and (naturally enough) almost wholly by foreigners.<sup>1</sup> I do not think it is generally realised, and yet I am convinced that it is not too much to say, that during the seven hundred years from A.D. 700 to 1400 the characteristic strength of English culture was artistic rather than literary, and in particular that as regards the art of painting England was, oftener than any other nation, at the head of European artistic development. In the brief survey of the history of English ideals of culture which I ask your leave to offer you, this is one of the points which I especially desire to make.

It is round about the year 700, when Christianity had begun to make substantial progress in its work of creating a national unity in England, that the first definite productions of English culture are to be found. To that period is assigned our earliest English poetry—for *Beowulf* is rather Saxon than English—and to that period belongs the finest efflorescence of our first manifestation of artistic genius, the Anglo-Celtic school of illumination. This school has no equal on the Continent, and the claim of the British Isles to artistic supremacy at this date is incontestable. Its masterpiece is the wonderful manuscript known as the Lindisfarne Gospels, in which the barbaric luxuriance of the purely Celtic school (exemplified at its best in the Book of Kells) is toned down by the sobriety, by the good taste that gets its effects without emphatic tones or crude extravagances of colour, which may be claimed as the English contribution to the joint production of England and Ireland. In this great work, which influenced the pictorial achievement of France, and through France of Germany, for the next two centuries, English artistic history finds a splendid starting-point.

In the eighth century England was at the head of European civilisation alike in art and in scholarship. In Bede she possessed

<sup>1</sup> Even so learned an artist and so enthusiastic a mediaevalist as Mr. Lethaby, writing a book entitled '*Mediaeval Art*,' barely devotes a paragraph to the art of mediaeval manuscripts.

the greatest scholar and historian of the time, her missionaries carried religion and culture along the valleys of the Rhine and Rhone, and the reputation of the northern schools was such that when Charlemagne desired to reform the education of his country it was to England that he sent for scholars to assist him in his purpose. Alcuin of York not only implanted English scholarship in France and gave the tone to the great schools of Aix and Tours, he also carried with him the traditions of English art. The great illuminated Gospels of the Carolingian age trace their descent directly from the Anglo-Celtic school already mentioned, with an increase of gorgeousness, though with something less of good taste and of patient labour subordinated to an artistic conscience. From this Carolingian school in turn descended the German school of the tenth and eleventh centuries, with (as always) that increase of heaviness and lack of inspiration which are characteristic of German mediæval art.

Meanwhile fresh developments were taking place in England, and this time the lead was taken by the southern portion of the kingdom. In the century preceding the Norman Conquest two schools of pictorial art arose, each of which (whatever its exact parentage) was substantially independent of and superior to the contemporary work of the same kind produced on the Continent. The Winchester school of illumination, with its broad bands of gold or silver intertwined with conventional foliage, has its associations with the productions of the Carolingians, but is wholly different in effect, and is marked by a sober splendour which combines good taste with a richness suitable to the books that it was used to decorate. More important in the history of English art is the contemporary school of outline drawing which likewise had its home in the south of England. It is true that the Utrecht Psalter, which may be taken to be the parent of this form of art, was probably produced in north-eastern France; but it was in England that the style took root, and it was in England that the masterpiece of the style was produced, some three or four centuries later, in the incomparable volume known as Queen Mary's Psalter. The characteristics of the style are delicacy of line and economy of effort, coupled with admirable restraint and taste. The basis of these qualities lies in good sense and good taste, which act as preservatives against exaggeration and rhetorical excess, and these are qualities which I would claim as essentially characteristic of the best English ideals of culture throughout our history.

It is, I think, only fair to our Saxon ancestors, who are often treated somewhat contemptuously, as boorish and unintellectual, to recall these achievements of theirs in the sphere of art. During the whole period from the Heptarchy to the Norman Conquest, England is intellectually and artistically a leader and not a follower, working out a literature and an art on her own lines and influencing, more than she is influenced by, the contemporary art of the Continent.

At this point the sequence of English development is roughly interrupted, and the influence of the Continent is peremptorily brought to bear upon it, by the Norman Conquest. This catastrophe, by depressing the native patrons of art and literature, and flooding the religious houses with Norman influences, obliterated English culture for at least a century. From 1066 to about 1300 French influences are predominant. Little English literature exists at all; the illuminations of manuscripts produced in England are almost indistinguishable from those produced in France; in architecture France unquestionably leads the way. Only gradually do we see definitely national characteristics asserting themselves, and a new culture emerge which is neither Anglo-Saxon nor Norman, but English. Professor Saintsbury has shown<sup>1</sup> how English verse, slowly reviving after the Conquest, shakes itself free alike from Anglo-Saxon alliterative rhythm and from the exact syllabic correspondences of French metres, and already is developing that freedom of metrical equivalences which is the life and soul of our poetry throughout the ages, and is the basis of the wonderful rhythmical achievements which are the glory of our literature. In architecture, too, a national style is gradually developed, less enterprising, perhaps, than the French, but characterised by restraint and good sense, and with a special charm of its own. In pictorial art the line is harder to draw. It needs a trained eye to distinguish between French and English illuminators of the 12th and 13th centuries, and not infrequently there are differences of opinion among experts. English work, however, was not inferior to French, nor simply the production of pupils copying their masters. In the series of illuminated Apocalypses which is one of the noteworthy artistic features of the period, the finest example is of English origin, perhaps from the great abbey of St. Albans. It is now one of the glories of Trinity College Library in this University. Just as the English nation was finding itself under the rule of the Plantagenet kings, so a distinctively English culture was growing up, which, however much it

<sup>1</sup> *History of English Prosody*, vol. i. p. 77 ff.



might from time to time be coloured by foreign influences, yet always retained a character and individuality of its own.

The geographical position of England has naturally led to its being often a late recipient of movements which have had their origin on the Continent. Great creations, such as Gothic architecture or Renaissance literature, have had to cross the Channel, and their manifestations in this country are later than in France or Italy, but when they come they come with a changed form, and while they differ from their originals, they do not admit inferiority to them. The cathedrals of Canterbury and Westminster, Ely and Lincoln, Gloucester and Salisbury, have their own independent value, even by the side of Chartres and Rheims and Amiens; and Chaucer is not inferior to the Boccaccio and Petrarch to whom he owes so much. In short, English literature, even when it is derivative, is not imitative; and the same may be said of English art, except in its weaker periods, which are of a later date than the stage which we are now considering.

In the fourteenth century the emergence of the new England is complete, and she is able to assert her independence in politics, in literature, and in art. In Chaucer we have a poet of genius, characteristically English, superior to any writer of the time in France, and able to hold his own with his famous Italian contemporaries. In architecture we have the beautiful Decorated style, which we share with France, and the rise of the Perpendicular style, which is characteristically English. We cannot be wrong in attributing to the genius of our country the contrast between the sobriety and restraint, even in splendour, the self-limitation, if you will, of English Perpendicular, and the extravagance and exaggeration of the contemporary French Flamboyant. Both are declines from the highest excellence of the Gothic style, but they move in different directions in accordance with the genius of their respective nations.

In pictorial art the assertion of English independence and originality is even more marked, though less generally known. In the first quarter of the century we have the production of Queen Mary's Psalter, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the school of outline-drawing already referred to, and itself one of the half-dozen most charming books on the face of the earth; in the course of the century we have a series of fine Psalters, especially those associated with the East Anglian school of illumination, with their satisfying splendour of decoration allied with good taste; and in the last quarter we



come to the wholly new style associated with the reign of Richard II. The origins of this style may perhaps be traced to Bohemia; but Bohemia never produced anything comparable with the magnificent works of art of our English miniaturists of this period. The Sherborne Missal ranks with Queen Mary's Psalter and the Lindisfarne Gospels at the very head of English miniature art, while it has an individuality of workmanship only comparable with that displayed in that wonder of the world (of a world which hardly knows of its existence), the Très Riches Heures of the Duc de Berry at Chantilly. Scarcely less splendid, though less individual, are the two magnificent service-books (Bible and Missal) of Richard the Second's chapel, whereof the one survives intact in the British Museum, while the other was, at some period or another, dismembered by some barbarian to form a sort of scrap-book of pictures and alphabets. It is to be hoped that a fitting retribution awaits criminals of this class.

In this last blaze of splendour the English school of mediæval painting expires. The early years of the fifteenth century saw the decadence of the Ricardian style into mechanical decoration. The French wars carried the English nobility into France, and brought the patrons of art, such as John, Duke of Bedford, under the spell of the band of artists who worked for the Duc de Berry; while the Wars of the Roses killed off patrons and art alike, and left Edward IV., when he desired illuminated books for the royal library, with no resource but Flanders. English painting went down with this disaster, and did not raise its head again until the eighteenth century. For three hundred years German and Dutch masters dominated English art, and it was not until the rise of a wholly new school, in Hogarth and Reynolds and Gainsborough, that painting again became an authentic means of expression of the national genius. But this long period of submergence ought not to make us oblivious of the fine record held by our country throughout the Middle Ages. No country but France can challenge that record (for the admirable miniatures of the Flemish and Italian painters belong only to the last generations of the art, when it was almost wholly pictorial); and in the fluctuations of seven centuries the pre-eminence is at least as often with England as with France. No estimate of England's contribution to European culture is complete which omits this component part of it; and in this part we find the qualities which characterise the best English intellectual work at all times,—sobriety, reticence, good taste, a

sense of proportion and harmony, combined with individuality and originality, even in the use of borrowed materials.

From this point onwards it is necessary to look to literature as the main expression of the national genius ; and, since this is more familiar ground, it is unnecessary to dwell upon it in detail. For literature, as for art and architecture, the fifteenth century was a period of decline and ineffectiveness ; indeed, from the intellectual point of view, this century is the least satisfactory in all our country's history. The successors of Chaucer failed entirely to hold the ground that he had made good. England, exhausted by foreign and civil war, had for the time no message to civilisation ; and she had to win her way back to intellectual self-expression through the throes of religious controversy. That controversy, in the earlier half of the sixteenth century, did one inestimable service to English culture ; for in it, notably through the genius of Tyndale and Coverdale and their successors, was forged that incomparable English prose style which, culminating in the Authorised Version of the Bible, has influenced the whole subsequent course of our literary self-expression. And this renaissance of English style ushered in the glorious Elizabethan literature, which is the starting-point of our modern intellectual and spiritual history.

From this point on, the ground is familiar to everyone, and it would be a waste of time to dwell in any detail on the development of English literature, or English art, or English culture in general, from Spenser to the present day. But it is right, in view of the inquiry which we have in hand, to emphasise the value, both in quality and quantity, of the contribution made by England to European civilisation. Especially have we a right to put our claim high in respect of literature. No one country has a monopoly of greatness in any subject. Each of the leading countries in Europe has had great poets, great painters, great architects, great musicians. But just as the primacy in painting and sculpture must be conceded to Italy in virtue of her achievements during the Renaissance, or the primacy in architecture to France as the home of Gothic, or the primacy in music and in philosophy to Germany, which has given us Beethoven and Kant, so we are entitled to claim the primacy in poetry for England. It is not merely that we have Shakespeare. It is not merely that we have in Milton the one poetic artist who is fit to stand beside Virgil. It is rather that in range and in splendour, in metrical

music and variety, in inspiration and independence, English poetry as a whole outclasses the achievement of any other country in modern history. Think of the many directions in which our poets have achieved excellence. We have great poetic artists, such as Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson. We have the unique dramatic achievement of the Elizabethans, and the intense psychological insight of Browning. We have the creation of a new poetic instrument in the narrative blank verse invented by Milton. We have the mechanical finish, the metallic perfection, on a lower grade of poetic inspiration, of Pope, comparable with Ovid in the ancient world or Racine in the modern. We have the whole school of nature poetry, as typically English as the landscapes of Gainsborough or Constable, represented on the highest plane by Wordsworth, on a lower plane by Thomson and Cowper, and pervading nearly all the best poets of the nineteenth century. We have, perhaps still more exclusively, the infinite variety of metrical development which includes the dramatic blank verse of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, the narrative blank verse of Milton, Keats, and Tennyson, the lyrics of the Elizabethans and the Victorians, the polished couplets of Dryden and Pope, the wonderful rhythms and music of Swinburne. We have the rhetoric of Byron, the ethereal imagination of Shelley, the rich luxuriance of Keats, the love poems of the Brownings and Rossetti, the narratives of William Morris, the reflective poetry of Matthew Arnold or of Meredith.

Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto ;  
Non mihi si linguae centum sint, oraue centum,  
Ferreæ vox.

In the sphere of prose literature the achievement of England stands nearly as high ; though in certain qualities of lucidity and arrangement, of clear exposition and logical treatment of the subject under discussion, we have seldom reached, and never maintained as a nation, the standard set by the French. But in Gibbon and Macaulay we have two of the greatest modern historians ; in Hooker and Barrow and Jeremy Taylor we can rival the famed pulpit oratory of Bossuet ; in Locke and Butler and Hume we have philosophical writers of the first order, who, if they do not equal Kant and Hegel in profundity of speculation, at least excel them in lucidity of exposition. In the lighter vein of essayist and humorist, we have Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Swift,

Lamb to represent us ; in fiction we have Fielding, Richardson, Scott (I cannot resist the temptation to cross the Border for once, to claim this greatest of all novelists), Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith ; in the more serious departments of thought we have Bacon and Burke, Newman and Ruskin ; and many other names, which I am loth to omit, will occur to everyone. Assuredly our prose literature also is of a quality which justifies its existence, though there is not time to expatiate on it.

Nor can I pretend to survey the contributions made to European culture by English artists. It must suffice to recall the names of Reynolds and Gainsborough, of Romney and Hoppner, of Turner and Constable, of Watts and Burne-Jones and Stevens. It is perhaps true that, in painting, modern England has seldom influenced Continental Europe to any great extent, and has followed movements rather than initiated them. Yet no one would deny that in portraiture and landscape there have been characteristically English schools of art, which need not fear comparison with those of France, or Italy, or Germany.

Time will not allow the fuller development of this theme—namely, the absolute quality of English intellectual culture in its various manifestations. It remains to try to extract from all this wealth of achievement the characteristics and qualities which can be regarded as typically English. We are accustomed to recognise a laborious thoroughness, a careful organisation, as characteristic of German intellectual work, and a logical clarity of thought and expression as a peculiarly French virtue. What qualities can we claim as being characteristically English, which we can set beside this German thoroughness and this French clarity ?

The first note which I would wish to emphasise is individualism. Our country has never been very favourable to organised intellectual effort, nor to the relation of master and disciple. Our greatest writers and thinkers have founded no school. At most there are groups, using common methods and, to some extent, common modes of expression, who influence one another reciprocally like the Elizabethan dramatists and lyrists, the eighteenth-century essayists, the Lake poets, the pre-Raphaelite artists and poets.<sup>1</sup> More often, like Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, Swift, Gibbon, Scott, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Swinburne, they stand alone, imitated, if at all, only by

<sup>1</sup> It must be admitted that Rossetti occupied something of the position of a master among disciples.

men of conspicuously lesser power, who have neither number nor importance enough to constitute anything that may be called a school. The Italian artists of the Renaissance could learn from one another, as pupil from master, and yet be great; French prose writers have been able to maintain fixed traditions and a certain uniformity of method over long periods, and yet to keep their individuality; but this has not been an English characteristic. For better or worse, an English writer must be independent and original, or he is nought.

It must also be admitted, I think, that neither Academies nor Universities hold the same position with regard to the best intellectual work of England as they do in some countries. Since the publication of Matthew Arnold's famous essay it has been a commonplace that English literature lacks the restraining influence which is supplied among our neighbours across the Channel by the Académie de France; and though it may be urged that France is the only country which has thought it practicable or desirable to establish an Academy of Literature, it is also true that all other Continental countries possessed Academies of Learning long before we thought it necessary to institute one for historical, philosophical, or philological studies. And whereas in other countries the best work in these departments of culture has usually been done by University professors, in England it is rather remarkable to notice how many of our greatest historians and philosophers have been, so to speak, amateurs. Our two greatest historians, Gibbon and Macaulay, had no connection with their Universities after their undergraduate days, but were men of politics and literature. Grote was a banker, as also in more recent years was Hodgson; Thirlwall was a bishop, Napier a soldier, Hallam a private man of letters. Stubbs, Freeman, and Froude were only attached to a University after their principal works were published.

So too with philosophy. Green and Henry Sidgwick, who stand very high as the philosophical teachers of the older generation, were intimately associated with Oxford and Cambridge respectively, but Hobbes, Locke, Butler, Hume, Mill, Spencer were all free-lances. In the department of natural science two names stand out above all others in the first rank of English science, and indeed of the science of the world; and if Newton was eminently and essentially a Cambridge man, Darwin was no less eminently and essentially a private worker. Many other names might be cited in support of the proposition I have put forward; but indeed I do not think it will be disputed that in England a large proportion of the best work in

all branches of learning has been produced by those who may properly be described as amateurs.

The same national characteristic, manifested in the spheres of literature and art, accounts for another striking phenomenon in our intellectual history—namely, the regularity with which our best artists and writers have found themselves at variance with the age in which they lived. We have no guides of public taste who can be trusted to recognise and introduce authoritatively a new poet or painter to general acceptance; and as our national tendency is to be slow in accepting new movements, the leaders of such movements have generally to make their way in the face of much prejudice and opposition. The Elizabethan writers, it is true, had not unfavourable atmospheres for their work, the Court poets on the one side and the dramatists on the other; but Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Browning had to win their way in spite of opposition or neglect. The same is true of the pre-Raphaelite school of painting; and, if it were not somewhat invidious, apposite instances might perhaps be found within our own generation. Only in the eighteenth century can it be said that the leading men of genius—men such as Pope, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Johnson, Burke—were recognised as such by the general voice of their own contemporaries.

Akin to this individualism, to this absence of official organisation, is another feature very characteristic of English culture—namely, the part which is played in it, not as leaders and originators so much as aiders and sympathisers, by the amateur and dilettante. In no other country, with the exception, perhaps, of America, is there so large a public which takes interest in things of the intellect without being professionally concerned with them. This is no new phenomenon; on the contrary, it goes back to the beginnings of modern England, and is one of the essential elements of English culture. From the time of Henry VIII. onwards it has been an honourable characteristic of the English aristocracy to respect, even when they did not themselves cultivate, literature and learning. It is the respect and encouragement that are important, more than the actual practice of various more or less eminent individuals, from More and Surrey, Sidney and Bacon, to Lytton and Disraeli, Derby and Gladstone. Whatever may be the shortcomings of English education, it has (at any rate until recent years) implanted in its pupils respect, and in very many cases a real love, for literature and art, and has produced a widely-spread *educated* (as distinct from a *learned*) class in the higher circles of English society.



In particular I would like to call attention to the record of the eighteenth century in this respect, since that century does not always have justice done to the real merits which it possessed. One of the most distinguished of living Cambridge men of letters, the second in a succession of three generations of brilliant historians in a single family, has written a striking panegyric of the great aristocratic families of that often-despised period—of their magnificence, of their hospitality, of their sportsmanship, and not least of their culture and liberality, based upon a classical education. That education, if not so extensive as the best education of the present day, did at least imbue its pupils with a real admiration for the masterpieces of classical literature, and made them enlightened and appreciative patrons of learning and archæology.

'There were few men of rank and opulence' (says Sir George Trevelyan) 'who did not entertain—or, at the very least, affect—a keen interest in the literature and art of their own generation. They were intelligent critics, and munificent patrons after a fashion which encouraged merit, without breeding servility. They kept their book-shelves, all our island over, as well supplied as their cellars and their ice-houses; and they never hesitated about paying down their two guineas, or three guineas, for a bulky quarto fresh from the printing presses of Millar, or Strahan, or Dodsley. They freely purchased the *Fermier Général* editions of the French classics; and those Italian engravers who dedicated their ponderous and superb volumes, in terms of fulsome panegyric, to Roman Princes and Cardinals, found their most numerous, and certainly their most solvent, customers among British peers and squires. . . . The culture that permeated society was faithfully reflected in its conversation, which was brilliant perhaps as never before or since, and singularly exempt both from pedantry and triviality. Gibbon, writing at ten o'clock on a Saturday night, relates how he has just seen off from his door Burke, Garrick, Sheridan, Charles Fox, Lord Camden, Lord Ossory, and Topham Beauclerk. That was a London supper-party of the year 1778.'<sup>1</sup>

Sir George might have added that all the members of this party, with the exception of Lord Camden (who was blackballed), had frequent opportunities of intercourse as members of the distinguished society known as The Club, which, founded by Reynolds and Johnson, now has Sir George himself as one of its senior members.

It was not only in respect of literature that the English society of that period showed its interest in intellectual culture. The

<sup>1</sup> Sir G. Trevelyan, *George III and Charles Fox*, vol. i. p. 59:



wealth of England in artistic treasures—the wealth which now at times seems

‘To stand a-tiptoe on the strand,  
Ready to pass to the Hesperian land,’

and of which, nevertheless, so much still remains—that wealth is mainly due to the enlightened intelligence of the English aristocrats who made the grand tour in the eighteenth century, and allowed themselves to be advised as to the purchase of the Old Masters of Italy. Archæology, too, owes not a little to the taste of the same generations, and to the fashion which that taste established. Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, had set the example of the collection of classical antiquities, early in the seventeenth century, and had been followed by the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Pembroke; but it was in the eighteenth century that the study of archæology became the vogue among a large section of the aristocracy. The Society of Dilettanti, founded in 1732 by a group of young men of rank and fashion who had acquired a taste for classical antiquity during their travels on the Continent, is deservedly famous not only through the brush of Reynolds, but for its magnificent and enlightened<sup>1</sup> patronage of exploration in classical lands. By its encouragement and assistance of Stuart, Revett, and Chandler, by its publication of *The Antiquities of Athens*, *Ionian Antiquities*, and *Specimens of Ancient Sculpture*, by its acquisition of marbles and collection of drawings (presented in 1784 to the British Museum), the Society initiated the study of, and research for, the remains of Greek antiquity, which have been pursued with such remarkable results during the nineteenth century. So much is this the case that a German professor, writing in 1825, fixed upon the foundation of the Society as marking the last of his five epochs in the whole history of Greek civilisation—that, namely, ‘in which the greatest geographical and topographical accuracy was combined with the most accurate measurements of the ancient buildings,’<sup>2</sup> or, in other words, in which scientific methods were brought to bear on the remains of antiquity. And the noteworthy point, for my present purpose, is that the Society consisted, not of professional scholars and archæologists, but of typical members of the English aristocracy.

<sup>1</sup> The enlightenment was not without its lapses; for the Society was misled by Payne Knight into throwing cold water on the purchase of the Elgin Marbles for the nation.

<sup>2</sup> See L. Cust, *History of the Society of Dilettanti*, p. 169.

Among its founders and early members were Sir Francis Dashwood and Lord Sandwich (whose reputation in other respects was not of the best); Charles Sackville, Earl of Middlesex; William Ponsonby, Earl of Bessborough; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams; Sir Andrew Mitchell; John Russell, Duke of Bedford; Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester; two successive Earls of Rockingham, and one Duke of Devonshire; and these were followed by a long succession of men of rank and family, extending through the entire eighteenth century, by whom upwards of £30,000 were expended in archæological research and the publication of the results of the various expeditions subsidised by the Society.

It is to be feared that the nineteenth century hardly maintained the reputation of the eighteenth in this respect. It cannot be said that admiration for classical art and literature is a distinguishing characteristic of the aristocracy of Victorian England. Many individuals of the class have had such an admiration, no doubt, but it is not the tradition of the class as a whole. On the other hand, the love of art and literature has spread and deepened among the educated classes in general, and these classes are immeasurably more numerous than they were in the eighteenth century; so that the same phenomenon, peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon nations, is observable—the phenomenon of a large class of cultivated amateurs, with a relatively small class of professional scholars. For better or worse—and there are both good and bad sides to it—the ideal typical of English culture is that of the amateur and not of the professional. On its better side, this means that the man (or woman) is something beyond and superior to his learning; on its worse, that we have many smatterers and a tendency to sacrifice intellectual occupation to recreation and amusement. Our ideal is the cultured man, not the specialist; our besetting sin is the slacker, and the self-indulgent man.

Another characteristic of English culture is its adherence to common sense. This is a quality which is universally ascribed to us by foreign critics, and we need not hesitate to claim it. It is characteristic of our philosophy, of our history, of our criticism; and it checks extravagances in art and literature. Our most typical philosopher, and the one who made most impression upon European thought, is Locke; perhaps our soundest philosophical thinker is Bishop Butler; and so far as more recent English philosophy has not followed in the train of Kant and his successors, its deviations have been uniformly in the direction of a closer

adaptation to common life, and an avoidance of metaphysical obscurities. Our national temperament lies in the direction of applying common sense to the speculations of others, and of giving them practical application. It may be claimed for our historians that their imagination is generally controlled by a healthy sense of practical probabilities, and that they are less given than those of Continental nations to extravagant and absurd figments of invention. In historical, as also in Biblical, criticism our strength has lain in the historical sense which our scholars as a rule possess, and in the application of practical common sense to the exuberant imaginations of critics whose learning is greater than their knowledge of life. So also in art and in architecture we have fewer extravagances to show than more inventive nations. We have done less in the way of origination and invention, but have shown a stronger sense of reality and probability, and more sobriety and moderation in performance. In literature, no doubt, there has been no lack of originality or invention, but here also the saving gift of restraint and common sense has not generally been wanting to our greatest and most characteristic writers.

A third element which may be claimed for our national ideal of culture is morality. Not a few of our artists and men of letters would have protested strongly against this claim, or would have regarded it as an element of weakness rather than of strength. The relations of art to morality are a threadbare subject of controversy with which I have no intention of dealing; but I do not think it can be denied that the characteristic English ideal of culture includes a respect for, and a cultivation of, morality. Even those who have protested most rebelliously against the current conventions of morality, such as Shelley, have been passionate advocates of their own ideas of morality. With the exception of Shakespeare, who seems superior to all such considerations, who creates but does not criticise, all our greatest artists and men of letters—Milton, Wordsworth, Spenser, Bacon, Scott, Browning, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Watts, Burne-Jones—have either definitely used their art to promote moral ideals, or at least have not offended against them. Even in Shakespeare, who takes no sides, we find that as he is greater than his contemporaries, so his moral atmosphere is purer. Nowhere is this national trait more conspicuous than in fiction, which best reflects the popular taste. Novelists may rebel against what they call the restrictions imposed upon them by the requirements of their public; but the

greatest of them have been able to give full scope to their genius without offending against morality, or even while writing expressly as its advocates. Of Richardson, Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Meredith, Stevenson, this may be said without qualification; only Fielding is an exception. As a people, we have never been able to dissociate art altogether from its effect on conduct. It is, perhaps, a part of the 'practical' character of our race, and is akin to that faculty by which we apply practical common sense to the problems of history and philosophy. 'Art for art's sake' is a doctrine which has never made itself at home in England.

Independence, common sense, morality: these then are the qualities specially characteristic of the English mind, as thoroughness is of the German and clarity of the French. And are not these qualities which deserve a place in the general scheme of things, and which contribute elements of value to human intellectual culture? How far they are characteristic of the English nation as a whole might be the subject of a further inquiry, did time permit; but a nation has a right to be judged by its best products. In fact, we have in England, I think, first of all these best minds, whom we are entitled to put forward as the representatives of the nation. Next we have the class of professional students, possessing some of these gifts of independence and common sense, but on the whole less highly trained than the corresponding class on the Continent, with more diffused interests and less industry (as a class) for thorough spade work, and consequently apt to follow in the track of other workers, especially foreigners. Thirdly, we have the large class of amateurs, so characteristic of England, genuinely interested in culture and with a high level of taste; and finally the mass, which is not marked by appreciation of culture. The struggle to leaven this mass (which is not confined to any one social stratum, but pervades them all) is the constant problem of education.

On the whole, the English ideal of culture is of a culture in close relation with practical life. Our ideal, in respect of the things of the mind, is a man who is greater than his learning, who has his learning and uses it, but is not absorbed or dominated by it. Learning is not necessarily culture, though culture needs learning. The best culture does not obtrude its learning, any more than a house shows its scaffolding. We expect of a man that he should be able to live in the world and take part in its

activities, not merely to work in his study as the miner works amid his coal. So also our love of truth is for practical truth, for truth that will work, not for speculative or abstract truth.

It would be easy to show that we have, in ample measure, the defects of these qualities, and that we seldom attain our ideals. But that would not be in place here. My whole thesis is that our ideal is a good one, and is one for which we may properly claim its right to exist. We do not claim an exclusive or superior culture. We do not ignore or condemn the contributions made by France, by Germany, by Italy, by Russia, by Scandinavia. But we maintain that England too has made important contributions to the common stock which no other nation has the right to despise. Here, as elsewhere, culture has to fight to justify itself. In every country it is the task of those who have learned to appreciate its blessings to keep its standard high, and to pass on their inheritance, amplified if it may be, to the next generation. The fight of culture against materialism comes never to an end. Here, in England, where materialism is so strongly rooted, so greatly favoured by circumstances, the fight must be peculiarly strenuous; but the fight is maintained, and England stands, in the vital struggle in which we are now engaged, not only for honour and good faith, but also for a high ideal of spiritual and intellectual culture.

So, in a crisis wholly comparable to that which now faces us, wrote one of the greatest of Cambridge poets:

'It is not to be thought of that the flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, with pomp of waters, unwithstood,

\* \* \* \* \*

That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake: the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.'

# LONELY LEMNOS !

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O.

'—whom the bending brown-armed rowers  
Brought across the sea from lonely Lemnos.'

LONELY Lemnos ! The great harbour packed with Allied fleets and hosts of transports ! The brown slopes alive with the occupants of *marabouts* and bell-tents, the whole of the come and go of great armies, and of those who go down in ships to the great waters. Lemnos, where the Greek fleets must have sheltered from the storms that swept the coasts of Troy. Lemnos, where tradition has it the women thought men and marriage a failure—an old conception—and knifed them all, only to be compelled to resort to week-end boats from Athens to ease their loneliness.

Such is the sea-girt island in which centred the digestive system of the Dardanelles force, into which—the skittle alley and coconut side-show of the great war—came more British soldiers alone than ever left England in the days of the old war ; more, far more, than ever went to the Majorcas, to Sicily, and to Egypt in the days of the wars with the French.

The Greek islands mostly end in 'os' : Thasos, Patmos, Imbros, Chios, or, as the wags have it, Chaos, and Lemnos, away across to Mount Athos 'cross the bay, where, as Lemnos would have no men, so Athos will have no woman, nor even hen. No doubt both are and were right.

The Lemnos that now sees the monitors, the *cuirassé*, the stately troop-liners sail into the roadstead of the ancient Hephæstieus, has seen those graceful Greek sailing boats, which have probably never altered in their lines since time was. How Paul took ship and went to Ephesus or Tarsus is quite clear. A sailor himself, as anyone of spirit in the Levant would be, he relates how he 'anchored by the stern,' an apparent anomaly which the Revisers referred to the Admiralty before accepting the authorised translation. But the Admiralty knew, as do we of Lemnos harbour, that Greek boats are the same shape fore and aft, and anchor by the stern as soon as not or sooner.

The British, both Army and Navy, are seised of the Levant by hook or by crook, and where the army digs its trenches the past



gives up its treasures. The island of Imbros yields mastodon bones to the blow of 'picks common, helved.' At Cape Helles the dead who have been committed to the earth in huge earthen jars appear at the call of the sapper, to whom nothing is sacred. At Suvla Bay the trenches run through Roman graves, and the digging troops are rewarded with *denarii* as working pay. Those are the working everyday signs of the past that Atkinses from every town and country village in the Isles may find for themselves. The treasures for those who have time and heart to muse and think are infinite. If you can hear the Grimsby trawler-man grumbling because he has a Turkish shell in his boiler, in the waters where the Athenian triremes fleeing from Lysander and the Aigospotamoi in B.C. 405 blasphemed at their losses, you have not sailed in Ægean waters in vain in the year of our Lord 1915. If you can realise that the picturesque blasphemy of the sea has come down from the attempts of worshipful Commander Noah to bring the Ark alongside on a lee shore, then so much the more will you appreciate the vocabulary of the mariners, and their pretty wit.

In Mudros harbour it was the Bosphorus pleasure steamer *Water-witch* that bumped the good ship *Aragon*, and it was a very courteous, well-dressed officer of the watch who leant over the bridge and inquired in sibilant words 'How did you say you spelt your ship's name?'

In that same harbour a coxswain of H.M. Navy ran his picket-boat hard into a trawler from Sunwich Port, and, knowing his error, listened with disciplined patience while the irate master expressed his views on Royal naval picket-boats in a wealth of invective that would have gone straight to the heart of W. W. Jacobs. The silent coxswain of the silent navy pushed off, but passing under the stern of the trawler looked up at one of the crew and passed a remark: 'What do you feed your old man on? Acid drops?'

On the 'Beaches,' as the army calls the strips of sea-coast where, waiting on the pleasure of the elements, they land night and day their stores of ammunition, the Turkish guns ply with an Oriental inconsistency, now destroying a pier, now scattering bathing Australians, now plumping wide into the sea. A Turkish gun is a wonderful thing, firing with considerable accuracy what might be called a job lot of ammunition. Now *rafales* of the best shrapnel, now series of high explosive, now assortments of black powder and scrap iron, but always on the spot, for Sergeant Osman knows his business, and can flick a well-burst shrapnel down the Anzac piers



as well as any gunner from Shoeburyness, which is saying a good deal, whenever the Ordnance Effendi will send him any stuff worth firing. His opposite number the Ordnance Effendi at Lemnos spends night and day loading shell on to ferryboats to help keep Sergeant Osman quiet.

That is the life at Lemnos. Far into the day, long into the night, the Ordnance Effendi and the Supply Effendi, with double and treble ship working parties and cheery gangs of Turkish prisoners, load ferries for the Beaches and get abused for their pains, and poor baffled Fritz, the submarine, tries in vain to stop the daily progress. Cheery, good, simple souls, these Turkish prisoners, as ever burnt an Armenian alive, or tossed a baby on to a bayonet to please a pasha. Cheerily do they work for their British captors, smiling, orderly, obedient. Obedient, that is the characteristic, whether tossing babies on to bayonets or biscuit-boxes into boats. Simple, kindly folk all, and devilish good behind trenches.

And while the Supply services sweat all day and night to load up lighters, the military landing staff are all day long piloting drafts to the front in Belfast steamers and Margate packets. Rows of new young officers sitting each on their new green valises, and rows of round-faced young men clutching their rifles and a tin apiece of bully beef, or 'Fanny Adams' as the Navy call it. It was 'father and son' in the days of the Chicago packing revelations. But since young men, too young, are a prey to disease, there is a War Babies camp for boys who have enlisted under a false age, where they are smacked and plied with beef and drill and fatigue work till their muscles grow.

Day and night too, under the glare of their electric lights, work the hospital ships, slinging in the cots from the hospital lighters, and landing the dead to burial. And all under the same stars that looked down on ancient Hephæstieus and its brown-armed rowers. An ancient port and pier where Zouaves mount guard in corduroys on piles of barrels of *vin ordinaire* and stacks of hay, or come to the long shoulder to the British officer, like an old print from the Crimea. Where little Greek boys shout 'One penny,' 'One penny, please,' till the said British officer wants to know the modern pronunciation of *τύπω, τύπτομαι*, and Senegalese in *képis* grin from ear to ear, and Harry Hotspur the yeoman grins back to them.

Such is the great port of Mudros in Lemnos, the island of winds, whence the British rule the *Ægean* and knock at the gates of Byzantium, poke fun at Balkan States, and frighten Fritz out of his

life by trawling and patrolling and launching submarine nets in unexpected channels. Inheritors are they by initiation of the Maltese Pass and of the galleys of Rhodes and Genoa, occupying even the Genoese fort at Lemnian Castro, whence peers the gun that bears the arms of Philip intertwined with those of Mary.

And whether or not the gates of Byzantium are to be forced, as some say they never will be, or whether or not the garden wall is to prove easier than the Golden Gate, it has been a great adventure for Atkins and his allies of the *Corps Expéditionnaire de l'Orient*, with the joint navies intervening. As a monument lie all those who have paid the price and received six feet of Turkish soil in perpetuity, in the endeavour to finish that missing mass in the church of Sofia, a soldier's reward more honourable than the Golden Fleece, more ancient than the eagles of Rome, and yet more pitiful than the widow's mite.

## STORIES FROM AN OLD CATALOGUE.

## III. THE HALF-BROTHERS.

No. 798.—*A silver scimitar inlaid with turkis stones. Spanish, early seventeenth century.*

Don Pablo de Tassio rose from his afternoon sleep and, moving to the window on unslipperd feet, peered through the green lattice into the blazing courtyard where some scarlet flowers clung to the rough white wall.

A great stillness hung over the burning afternoon; the deep blue sky was alive with sparkles of gold; the broad leaves of the fig, the gold and crimson fruit of the pomegranate, the vivid orange hanging among the dark leaves showed in the garden beyond the white courtyard.

And beyond that were the square white houses and slanting roofs of the Valencian town, the confused walls and turrets, towers and terraces shaded here and there with the foliage of the palm, the acacia, and the fig.

Here and there, too, where the houses opened on to a garden or a street, was a glimpse of the dazzling blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

There was no one in sight; the green or blue lattice was shut over every window, the rush blind drawn out over every balcony.

In the courtyard of Don Pablo's house the sun shone unshaded, dry white dust filled every corner; in the centre was a well raised on three steps and protected by a delicate ironwork from which hung two copper pots, flashing back the sun from their polished surface.

On the steps of the well stood pots painted green and filled with gardenias, crimson lilies, and jasmine.

Brilliant lizards lay in the crevices of the stone, their palpitating sides their only sign of life.

Don Pablo looked at this prospect, which had been familiar to him all his life, with changed eyes. He had always loved the town, the house, the heat, these gorgeous afternoons of September—but now all affected him with a sense of horror.

He pulled the blind slats level so as to have a better view and leant his sick head against the arched mullion.

Nothing was changed—to the outward eye all looked as he had ever known it—yet all was different, all touched by the terror of his inner knowledge of the fate of the town and of her inhabitants.

The place was under a curse—it would soon be depopulated—what bloomed now as a garden would be empty soon as a desert, these peaceful homes would be abandoned, their owners in exile, the fruit of generations of laborious toil would come to nothing, for they who had worked would be driven into exile, leaving behind their possessions.

For at length, after years of alternate hope and fear, after strife, intrigue, and bitterness on each side, the fatal fiat had gone forth.

All the Morisco Christians in Valencia, under pretence of their secret infidel leanings and the assistance they were alleged to give to the Muslim corsairs who harassed the coast from Catalonia to Andalusia, were to be banished to Barbary, taking with them only such property as each could carry.

Though they had long been persecuted by the hate of the pure Valencian Christians, and the Duke of Lerma, the King's minister and favourite, was especially their enemy, yet the final blow had fallen as a thunderclap from a blue heaven.

Even now, Don Pablo, looking over the town on which such an awful fate had fallen, could hardly believe the thing.

Over thirty thousand families in Valencia came under the ban of banishment, and all were prosperous, law-abiding, good taxpayers, thrifty, self-respecting citizens of the Christian faith, whose only fault was their mixture of Moorish blood and their supposed Moorish sympathies.

It was amazing to Don Pablo, as he considered it, almost incredible.

For it was a well-known thing that the Moriscos of Valencia, hampered as they were by unjust taxation and fiscal edicts, their industries discouraged and themselves oppressed by racial hatred, religious bigotry and ignorant statesmanship, had nevertheless contrived to make their province the most flourishing in the whole of Spain; their horticulture and agriculture were unrivalled, and their manufactures and arts were one of the chief glories and riches of the kingdom.

But jealousy, fanaticism, and malice had triumphed; everyone with a taint of Morisco blood was to be expelled from his home with the exception of a few of the most skilled and 'most Christian,' who

were to be left to teach their arts and crafts to the Spaniards who would step into their place.

To distinguish the Morisco from the pure Christian had proved a task of some difficulty, as there was scarcely a family in the whole province that could not trace its descent from the Spanish Moors; but the Government officials, frequently inspired by private cupidity, spite, or jealousy, had solved the problem by a wholesale clearance of those who could be even suspected of the Moorish taint—a taint which was in many cases hard to discover, so closely had Spaniard and Moor become amalgamated.

Don Pablo de Tassio stood outside this disaster; his father was a Castilian who had come to Valencia in his youth and there founded a factory for the making of damascened and gold worked steel for which the district was famous.

Don Pablo had inherited his fortune and his industry, had always kept well on the side of the priests and the Government, and, even at the present moment, enjoyed such a degree of favour that he was permitted to retain the Morisco skilled workers whom he employed and on whose art and industry his livelihood depended.

Yet, and it was this that clouded his face and darkened his brow, his mother had been a Morisco and her son, his half-brother, was one of those under sentence of banishment.

In their youth they had been intimate, had even loved each other; the elder De Tassio had been no bigot, he had allowed his wife to bring the son of her first marriage to be brought up with his own child.

But on his death the two young men had fallen into disagreement.

Juan the elder had inherited the silk-weaving business of his father, who had been a wealthy manufacturer of pure Moorish descent, and he had devoted himself to this, retiring from the house and company of Pablo.

Gradually, as political and religious feeling ran high in the province, the two fell into estrangement, each embracing the race of his own father, their businesses were worked in rivalry, each endeavouring to become more prosperous than the other, and the breach was made final and unbridgeable when both selected the same lady for their courtship.

Doña Esteldis del Ayamonte was one of the beauties of Villajoyosa, and had taken full advantage of her position in coquettishly hesitating between the two rich and handsome young men who wooed her so ardently.

But at length her choice had fallen on Juan, and she had overcome the reluctance of her parents who were not pleased to promise her to a Morisco, however wealthy.

The marriage was to have taken place in October, and now, in September, the Edict had been published and Juan must go to the coast of Barbary for lifelong exile, leaving behind his cherished factory—all his possessions, including Doña Estrelidis.

Don Pablo had sincerely hated his brother since he had defeated him in the lists of love, and rejoiced with a silent satisfaction at the utter ruin that had overtaken his rival.

No more would he be annoyed by hearing of his half-brother's prosperity—of his industry and skill, of the success of the rich silks and embroideries woven from his own designs, of the increase in his workers and his output.

Now the factory would be closed, the looms silent, and master and men gone from Villajoyosa for ever. No more would Pablo be vexed by the sight of his brother's haughty figure swaggering along the streets and in the Plaza, kneeling defiantly in the church, or walking with Doña Estrelidis and her parents in the evening along the palm groves that bordered the sea.

He had heard that Juan would leave to-morrow ; the Spanish galleys were in waiting in every Valencian port, and the expulsion of the Moriscos had begun immediately on the proclamation of the Edict. He wondered what his brother was doing ; he wondered what he would be doing on the eve of such a disaster. He tried to imagine what it would feel like to be suddenly bereft of his cherished prosperity, his position, his ease and comfort—to find himself treated as a prisoner—a criminal, to be subject to insult and scorn, perhaps blows and more humiliation.

Don Pablo shuddered.

Moving from the window he returned to the couch where he had taken his midday rest.

Beside it was a small table of ebony inlaid with a pattern in ivory. On this were glasses and jugs and a white porcelain jar.

Don Pablo mixed himself a glass of sherbet flavoured with citron and drank it slowly. The heat was intense, he could not move without fatigue.

He leant back on the couch again, staring at the straight bars of sunlight which fell through the open slats of the blind on to the smooth red-tiled floor.

Flies buzzed round the white walls and ceilings and on the hangings of gold and crimson leather ; it was the only sound.

Don Pablo looked with approving eyes round the handsome chamber.

The polished black furniture, the Eastern rugs, the sideboard with the majolica dishes, the writing-desk of 'pietradura,' all bespoke wealth.

He dwelt on his good fortune and his luck ; everything he had wanted he had achieved.

Except Doña Estreldis.

And for that loss he could console himself, there were plenty of other desirable women in Villajoyosa besides the disdainful daughter of the old Ayamonte.

He glanced at himself in a little mirror cunningly framed in mother-o'-pearl that hung above the table by his couch.

A lean, dark, comely young man answered his gaze ; there was much of the Morisco in his black eyes with the long lashes, in his arched nose and full mouth, in the graceful contours of his head and face, the thick curl of his close hair and his sallow complexion.

As he looked at himself now he seemed to be staring at Juan.

Yet the Castilian blood in him had always angrily rejected the Morisco strain and he had never admitted the likeness between himself and his half-brother—but now——

Certainly he was like Juan.

He passed his hand angrily across his face and turned from the mirror.

Unbidden and unwanted memories of his childhood came to his mind.

In this room he and Juan had played together ; here in the quiet heat of the day their mother had told them stories.

Of all her tales they had loved most of all that of the battle of Lepanto.

Their young fancies had been stirred by her picture of the Turkish commander, wreathed in pearls, standing on the deck of his gilt galley and of that of his enemy, Don John of Austria, with a feathered arrow sticking in every joint of his armour, urging on the Christian hosts to victory.

And afterwards they would play at Turk and Spaniard, turning the chairs into galleys and using lemons and figs as weapons to hurl at each other in the fight.

He wondered if Juan ever thought of these days now the mimic rivalry had developed into so deadly an earnest and Christianity had proved once more its intolerance and its jealousy, and Spain once more her fierce bigotry and insane policy.



Becoming tired of these thoughts he rose and went downstairs. The household was beginning to stir after the great heat of the day.

Don Pablo went into the courtyard; the bottom of the house formed an open arcade where grew a great vine.

The master of the house stood there, under the yellow fruit and leaves, and watched the servants bringing out the long trestles covered with split figs and place them to dry in the sun.

Others brought deep wooden troughs filled with crushed tomatoes, and bunches of grapes, small and black, tied to a light trellis, and halved pears and rings of apples, all to dry for winter use.

The pots of flowers round the well were moved into the shade and there watered; sounds of movement and of work came from the house.

The sun was less powerful and one could breathe freely.

Don Pablo called to him an old man spreading out the figs, a Castilian this, who had been with his father.

Standing under the portico, shaded by the vine, he spoke to his servant.

'Any news from the town, Marcos?'

The old man had removed his wide straw hat and stepped into the shade.

'The Moriscos make ready to depart, Señor,' he answered.

'All?'

'All.'

'It seems strange, Marcos.'

'It is just, Señor.'

'You think so?' asked the young man, almost eagerly.

The old peasant looked at him with eyes in which shone the fierce spiritual pride which had made Spain terrible and splendid.

'How could we prosper with the infidel in our midst?'

'But they are Christians,' said Don Pablo, speaking like one who wished his words to be disputed and refuted.

'So they say,' replied the old Castilian sourly. 'New Christians!'

'They will take the wealth of the country with them, Marcos.'

'No, Señor,' cried the peasant eagerly, 'they are forbidden to take any money with them.'

'Wealth is not money, Marcos,' replied his master sadly.

'Not money?'

'Nay, it is industry and skill. It is what has made Valencia bloom like the rose—Spain loses half her revenue with the Edict.'

'What matter for that,' returned Marcos, 'if we perform the service of God in casting out these heathen?'

Pablo knew that Lerma and Philip would have said the same.

The old servant continued to gaze at him earnestly, almost suspiciously.

'You are glad to see Villajoyosa purged, Señor?' he asked.

He was thinking of the Morisco mother and her eldest son.

Don Pablo read the thought and the blood flushed up from his white collar to his black hair.

'Do you not suppose that I am glad?' he asked haughtily.

'Certainly, Señor.'

'The Edict will touch no one for whom I care,' added the master; 'we are safe, Marcos, and we may keep as many Moriscos as we will to work for us.'

'I am pleased at that, Señor, for certainly these devils work well.'

On their work his fortune had been built; no Spaniard could have done the delicate and exquisite steel and gold work which commanded such a high price in the markets of Europe and the proceeds from which had made a rich man of Don Pablo de Tassio.

'You have not been into the town to-day, Señor Pablo?'

'No'—the young man glanced away—'I shall go presently.'

'You will see some fine sights, Señor—all the Moriscos running about like ants whose heaps have been overturned.'

And the old man sucked his thin lips vindictively.

His master looked at him curiously.

'Marcos, why do you hate the Moriscos?' he asked.

Again that look of suspicion crossed the shrewd peasant face.

'Because they are bad Christians,' he answered keenly.

'For no other reason?'

'What other reason should I have, Señor? And is not that enough?'

'The priests would say so.'

'And one must believe the priests, Señor. The Pope himself said they were to go.'

'Well, they will go, Marcos—about one hundred and fifty thousand from this province alone.'

The peasant chuckled.

'A good haul for the devil's net!' he cried gloatingly.

Don Pablo did not answer; he turned back into the house and entered the darkened room behind the arcade.

This was his private closet and counting-house; the walls were filled with shelves of ledgers, account and order books and

several desks and tables for specimens of the beautiful handicraft of the Moriscos.

Swords, blades and scabbards, daggers, gorgets, gauntlets and small steel caps all wonderfully damascened and inlaid, as well as smaller articles, such as hunting-knives, ink dishes, candlesticks, stirrups, mirror frames, and various shaped boxes.

It was the usual hour for Don Pablo to go through his accounts.

The clerk had left the books ready on the desk, the quill was mended, the great chair with the purple velvet cushions in place.

But to-day the young merchant did not even look at these things.

Instead he went to the bottom drawer of a black bureau that stood beneath the low window and lifted out a Moorish sword in a scabbard covered with crimson satin.

His mother had given him this.

When a young boy he had seen it in her possession and passionately envied the grace and splendour of the thing.

And she had told him that it had belonged to her father and to his before him, and that they had been *grandees* in Granada in the old days when the Moors had been kings in Spain.

Afterwards, a few months before her death, she had given him the weapon and bidden him cherish it fondly.

He did not think that he had ever looked at it since.

Now he handled it curiously.

It was a short scimitar of engraved steel with a hilt of beaten gold, very finely worked and set with rubies and square lumps of turkis put so close together that the curved hornlike handle glimmered blue as a forget-me-not.

The scabbard was edged and tipped with gold, also set with blue and red stones, and though all was a little tarnished by long disuse it still shone a thing of splendour.

Don Pablo softly handled the heathen weapon which he had so long put by and forgotten ; he wondered why it had come into his mind to-day.

His thoughts travelled to the ancestor who had worn the scimitar when the Moors had ruled in Spain.

Ruled—and now they were despised, hounded—finally exiled from their homes.

What a change was here !

He put the little sword back in the deep dark drawer, closed it, and taking his hat from the chair near the desk, went out aimlessly into the white sunny streets.

Adjoining his house were his works ; from one of the low doors

of them there came an old Morisco who had been long in his employment. The hours of labour were not yet over and the man was dressed for departure.

Don Pablo stopped him.

'You are leaving work?'

'Your employment, Señor.'

The master flushed.

'But you are exempt from the Edict, all my people are exempt.'

'But my people are not, Don Pablo'—the old man looked at him with dull eyes—'they are exiled and I am going with them.'

'You are going with them?'

The Morisco did not answer; he stood patiently, looking down the sunny street.

The master moved away from him, half shamefacedly.

'You have been paid?'

'Yes, Señor.'

Don Pablo wanted to say something like thanks, even gratitude, wishes of good luck, expressions of good will, yet was silent.

The old workman turned away without a backward look at the building where he had toiled at his beautiful handicraft for the best years of his life and went slowly up the street, his stooping figure casting a bent shadow on the houses as he passed.

Don Pablo watched him go.

'That is what Doña Estreldis will do,' he said to himself; 'she will do that—'

He knew now that this thought had always been in the back of his head, and that the words of the old Morisco had merely shaped what he had always known.

Estreldis would follow Juan as the workman followed his people.

The young man was sure of it; she was romantic, high spirited, very much in love; she would leave everything, mount the galley with Juan and with him sail to Barbary and there find a new life—perhaps even a new happiness. So, after all, Juan would triumph.

For surely it was a finer thing to go into exile with a woman like Estreldis for a companion, than to remain at home in smug prosperity and ease.

'If I had been exiled no one would have gone with me,' he thought.

The alluring image of the woman rose before his mind.

He thought he would see her once more; he thought that it would please him to offer her some protection and assistance in her heroic act.

Perhaps they would be married before they went ; for her sake he would fetch and fee the priest—he was prepared to rise to nobility for the sake of Estreldis.

It would be strange to see Juan again—yet not altogether displeasing.

He turned in the direction of the house of Doña Estreldis.

Many a shop he passed was closed, many a house shuttered ; from many a garden came sounds of hurry, confusion, wailing and cries.

Don Pablo tried not to notice these things ; he wished Villajoyosa would be as it had been a week ago—as it had been ever since he had known the town.

These sights and sounds of distress stirred something fierce in his blood.

He hastened his steps.

As he reached the low white portico of the Ayamontes he stood at a loss, wondering if she would see him—or any—at this moment.

Her duenna came to the lattice to peer at the new-comer, and seeing Don Pablo hastened to admit him to the outside staircase that led from the courtyard to the apartments of her young mistress.

Don Pablo came silently into her presence, using the reverence one would use before a great grief.

The room had dull red walls and black furniture, and still had the straw blinds drawn out over the flower-filled balcony so that it was cool and full of shade.

Doña Estreldis sat on a dark scarlet couch ; behind her the duenna had her place at a spinning-wheel and was carding white yarn from a large rush basket.

Pablo kissed the young woman's finger-tips and stood looking at her.

She was dressed as if ready to go forth.

Her full skirts of a shining pearl-coloured taffeta, edged with bands of black velvet, just lifted to show her scarlet shoes ; her black bodice, laced with strings of coral beads, was fastened loosely over an undergarment of lace mingled with silver threads, over which she wore an emerald green silk jacket bordered with red roses, and over that was a white shawl, fringed and fine as gossamer.

A string of gold filigree beads enclosed her round smooth throat, her dusky brown hair was curled up into a high tortoise-shell comb set with corals, and in her ears hung long pearls.

Between her full lips she held a gardenia, and she stared at her

completed toilette in a little gold hand-mirror which she held slackly on her lap.

She did not smile at Don Pablo; her large lustrous eyes rested on him mournfully.

Nor did he know what to say; she had always been very desirable and beautiful in his eyes; now she had the air of something apart and holy, for he viewed her through the glory of the heroic sacrifice he believed she was going to make for his brother's sake.

He envied Juan.

She took the flower from her lips and fastened it behind her delicate little ear.

'It is a long time since you have been here,' she said.

He had no answer.

'Why do you come now?' she asked gently; she leant back on the dark rich cushion; her exotic, frail and transient beauty glowed at him with the splendour of a perfect thing.

It was strange to think of her among the exiles in Barbary.

'I thought you might need me,' he said earnestly and humbly.

Her moist lips parted in a faint smile as she replied.

'That was a most gentle thought, Don Pablo,' she said.

'Can I help you?'

Her heavy lashes drooped.

'Help me?'

'In any way.'

He thought that she was shy of asking his assistance for his brother; he wished to clearly show her his generosity.

Doña Estreldis appeared to be considering.

'I was very unkind to you,' she murmured softly.

With raised hand he made a gesture of protest.

'And now I am punished,' concluded the lady.

'I am here to help you.'

She considered him with a full look from her languorous eyes.

'Have you seen Juan?'

She spoke the name with less emotion than he had expected; he admired her courage.

'No.'

'Oh'—she pursed her lips.

Don Pablo explained himself.

'As there had not been good feeling between us I thought he would not take my visit kindly or pleasantly.'

'I expect you are right.'

'But if you wish, Doña Estreldis, I will go to him.'

'Oh, no——'

'And take any message.'

'I have no message, Don Pablo.'

'Everything is arranged?'

She flushed.

'What should there be to arrange?'

He looked at her with surprise.

'Will you not see him?'

'No,' she answered. 'I wrote to him.'

'But you—you—he fumbled for his words—' Juan leaves to-morrow,' he added at last.

'Ah, to-morrow. . . .'

'You did not know?'

'No, but when I wrote I said the sooner he left the better—for both of us.'

'I do not understand.'

She explained.

'While he is here I am in a foolish position, Don Pablo.'

He stared at her frowning.

'He was my betrothed lover.'

'And now?'

'Now I am free.'

She looked at him with meaning, her glance was full of encouragement.

'I am free,' she repeated.

'You are not going with him?' asked Don Pablo stupidly.

'Señor! Do you know what you say? Go with him—accompany an exile to the coasts of Barbary—if I was so foolish it would not be permitted me!'

He saw now indeed the folly of his supposition.

'No, I did not know what I was saying,' he answered.

'And he is ruined,' continued Doña Estrelidis, 'quite ruined.'

'I know—quite ruined.'

The lady spoke again, in her sweet and plaintive tones which echoed strangely in the brain of her listener.

'It has been terrible for me—but it was my own unreasonableness. My father was always against the match. A girl's caprice, Señor.'

She gave him a long look.

'I have suffered, Madonna!' she added with a sigh.

'I am sorry for you, Doña Estrelidis.'

He rose.



She also got up, shaking her silks.

'I take your coming graciously. Will you wait and see my father, who is now abroad?'

He made heavy excuses; he was not looking into her tempting face, but down at the floor.

She put out her little perfumed hand at their parting.

He saw that he could have her now, for the asking.

His brother was dead to her—no longer in her world or in her scheme of life.

She was ready to take another cavalier to fill his place.

Thus was Estrelidis!

He left her; he heard her rustle out on to the balcony and as he crossed the courtyard the white gardenia from her hair fell at his feet.

Don Pablo looked up.

She disappeared with a laugh, her finger to her lips.

He went his way, leaving the white flower to wither in the sun.

Thus was Estrelidis!

Well, he had the better cause to rejoice—his enemy was stripped indeed and he had no need to exercise generosity, no need to aid or envy Juan.

His was the entire triumph now; he might, if he would, win the disputed woman now—or, if he would, disdain her.

And Juan would go alone.

No word or look from his beloved would soften his departure; he would go knowing her indifferent to his fate.

So crudely Don Pablo put his thought, so crudely it remained with him, the thought and the sting thereof—he wondered why there should be any sting in the consideration of the lightness of this woman.

Was not the man his rival and his enemy?

Had he not, to until an hour ago, desired Estrelidis and now she could be his?

She was still beautiful—he could remember every detail of her beauty as he remembered the shape and colour of the stones in the scimitar he had handled that morning.

Why then was she valueless?

He could not answer this—it was beyond him to interpret the moods of his own soul.

Without purpose or aim he returned to his house; everything was as usual, but it did not seem so to Don Pablo.

That night there was a thunder-storm over Villajoyosa ; Pablo lay awake all night listening to the sound of it.

He arose before his household was astir, and putting on his plainest cloak went down to the counting-house and took the turkis stone scimitar from the drawer.

Then he set out, as the old Morisco had gone, without a backward look at his home and his prosperity.

He made his way to the quays where the wretched exiles were being driven on board the galleys by the insolent Spanish officials.

After the rain of last night the sun shone with a liquid brightness, the roofs of Villajoyosa gleamed between the fig and palm, the blue and violet sea was rough with waves capped by pearl-coloured foam.

Along the dusty white road from the town came Juan.

Pablo de Tassio went to meet him.

The elder brother drew his mantle closer about his face and hurried on.

Don Pablo walked beside him, hurrying to keep pace.

'I am going too, I also have Morisco blood—see, do you remember this ?'

He held out the flashing scimitar from the shade of his cloak.

'It belonged to our Mother's people—I am coming with you.'

Juan paused in his walk.

'Why ?'

'I do not know—I had to.'

Juan looked at him keenly out of the keen dark eyes so like his own.

'We used to love each other,' he said.

'I remembered that.'

'I was very lonely,' added Juan.

'And I—when I heard that you were going.'

'It is strange,' said Juan.

The half-brothers stepped together onto the galley that was to take them into perpetual exile.

That night, as they lay together on the hard bench and in the foul darkness, Pablo, lying awake with many thoughts, felt his brother gently kiss his brow.

And somehow he was repaid for all he had left behind—and for Estreldis.

MARJORIE BOWEN.

## *PRACTICAL PURPOSE IN SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.*

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY., F.S.A.R.

RECENT events have directed attention to several unsuspected national deficiencies, not the least important of which is the dependence of this country upon German products of industries founded upon scientific research. Nine-tenths of the dye-stuffs used in our great textile trades have been imported from Germany; drugs and other fine chemicals, many of which are essential in the laboratory and to the physician, have increased fabulously in price since the foreign supply was cut off; and the famous optical glass used in the construction of the best field-glasses and microscopes has been unobtainable. Some of these products are now being manufactured successfully here; and it is to be hoped that we shall never again let our industries be controlled by foreign imports. We have the knowledge, we have the capital, and we have the men; and the position in which we found ourselves at the commencement of the war was due largely to the indifference shown by manufacturers to scientific work and the neglect of the organisation of research by the State.

Scientific investigations carried on with the single purpose of acquiring new knowledge often lead to results of great practical value. Such applications are, however, only incidental, and in the world of science they provide no test of the importance of the work done. The practical man judges scientific research from the point of view of its direct service to humanity, or that of money-making capacity; and he considers that people who devote their lives to studies having neither of these profitable objects in mind, are wasting their time and abusing their intellectual faculties.

It comes as a surprise to most men to be told that in scientific circles usefulness is never adopted as the standard of value; and that, even if not a single practical result is reached by an investigation, the work is worth doing if it enlarges knowledge or increases our outlook upon the universe. This proposition, of course, leaves the practical man cold; yet it is all that science desires to offer in justification of its activities. While the discovery of truth remains its single aim, science is free to pursue inquiries in whatever direction it pleases; but when it permits itself to be dominated by the

spirit of productive application, it will become merely the galley-slave of short-sighted commerce. Almost all the investigations upon which modern industry has been built would have been crushed at the outset if immediate practical value had determined what work should be undertaken. Science brings back new seeds from the regions it explores, and they seem to be nothing but trivial curiosities to the people who look for profit from research, yet from these seeds come the mighty trees under which civilised man has his tent, while from the fruit he gains comfort and riches.

Industrial research is concerned not with the discovery of truth, but with the production of something which will be of direct service to man, and from which pecuniary profit may be secured. It is the province of the inventor rather than that of the man of science. Such research and that carried on with no ulterior motive are complementary to one another. Science has done its part when it has made a new discovery; constructive engineering renders good service when it shows how the discovery may be chained to the chariot of industrial advance. To foresee the possibilities of a discovery, to transform a laboratory experiment into the mechanical plant of a large works, or to apply it to the needs of ordinary life, require aptitudes not commonly possessed by the scientific investigator. The engineer usually has such practical purposes in mind; discoveries are to him things to be used and not ends in themselves, as they are to the man of science. He seeks not so much to know Nature as to circumvent her; and the research which he undertakes or organises has for its objects the artificial preparation of substances which are naturally rare, the production of a new process or the improvement of an old, the design of machines which will increase his power over her, and of instruments which will enable him to laugh at limitations of time and space.

Research is necessary for these advances, but the spirit in which it is carried on is essentially different from that of the scientific worker. The engineer and inventor first of all perceives a need and then endeavours to devise a means of meeting it. If he is of a scientific type of mind he will make an accurate analysis of the conditions to be fulfilled, and then design his machine or instrument to fulfil them; but the usual way is to find practically what will perform the required functions, and to leave experience or scientific knowledge to indicate how improvements may be effected.

Thomas A. Edison is the embodiment of the method of specialised

research with a practical purpose. By quickness of perception, fertility of resource, and persistent trial of everything until the best means of achieving his end has been found he has become the leading inventor in the world. When he was endeavouring to find the best material to use for the filament of the incandescent electric lamp he dispatched agents to search through China and Japan, to explore the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to seek in India, Ceylon, and the neighbouring countries for a vegetable fibre which could be carbonised most efficiently; and he finally used a strip of carbonised bamboo for the filament. He invented the phonograph in 1877, and from the rough instrument then devised developed the perfect means of recording and reproducing sound represented in the modern form of talking machines. He constructed new forms of transmitter and receiver of telephones, and from his fertile brain have come a system of multiple telegraphy, new methods of treating ores, and a thousand other agents for the service and pleasure of man. He was not the first to photograph and combine a series of moving pictures, but he was the inventor of the cinematograph by which this is now effectively accomplished.

To the engineer the fascination of experimental research lies, as Cap'n Cuttle would observe, 'in the application thereof.' He seeks to know, not from the pleasure to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge, but in order to bring that knowledge to bear upon everyday problems of life, labour, and economy. It must not be supposed that this spirit is necessarily foreign to the man of science. Robert Boyle, one of the most active originators of the Royal Society, refers particularly to practical uses of the researches undertaken by himself and other pioneers of the experimental method of investigation in England. Writing in 1646, he alludes to his studies in 'natural philosophy, the mechanics and husbandry, according to the principles of our new philosophical college that values no knowledge, but as it hath a tendency to use.'

A Chinese proverb states that he who holds the iron of the world will rule the world. This, however, is only a half truth; for China itself has probably as large deposits of iron ore as any part of the world, but it has not the scientific knowledge required to make the best use of them. The talents which that country possesses have been buried in the ground instead of being used to gain other talents. The masters of the world of iron must be those who understand best

the properties of the metal, whether now or in the future. As the result of a systematic study of the effects of adding to iron a special element other than carbon, Sir Robert Hadfield produced his famous manganese-steel, which is now used for all purposes where toughness as well as hardness is required, from safes for the city to shells for the front. Ten years' persistent research upon the influence which different percentages of manganese exert upon the properties of steel were required before that remarkable metal, manganese-steel, was discovered, and showed the way to the production of dozens of other alloys possessing qualities required in arts and industries.

It is much easier to accept things as they are than it is to inquire into them, and decide whether they are capable of improvement. Throughout the world's history, progress has been accomplished by the men who were not content to do as their forefathers did, and were continually asking, 'Why?' 'Wherefore?' 'Is that the best way?' 'Is this the best possible thing?' Lord Kelvin was a brilliant example of this type of scientific mind, ever critical of defects, alert as to practical needs, and fertile with possible improvements. His views as to the practical value of science were definite and unmistakable.

'The life and soul of science is its practical application; and just as the great advances in mathematics have been made through the desire of discovering the solution of problems which were of a highly practical kind in mathematical science, so in physical science many of the greatest advances that have been made from the beginning of the world to the present time have been made in the earnest desire to turn the knowledge of the properties of matter to some purpose useful to mankind.'

No matter to what branch of human activity the subject belongs, the preliminary scientific investigation undertaken with the view of understanding it fully makes the surest foundation of advance. All work which has not this basis is of the empirical trial and error, rule-of-thumb kind; it is a shot in the dark, and though the target may be hit the chances are very much against it. When science is brought to bear upon a practical problem, it first discovers exactly what has to be done, and then seeks the most efficient way of doing it.

When the practical man—particularly he who is engaged in rural pursuits—reaps any profit from science, he does so against

his own convictions. The motto of the Royal Agricultural Society of England is 'Practice with Science,' yet how rarely do farmers show by word or deed that they realise the intimate connection between scientific investigations and agricultural arts. To the husbandman in general, science means theory, and his own experience fact; and he is as contemptuous of the one as he is confident of the other. He will pay a fancy price for a patent fertiliser, when a little scientific knowledge would show him that the same stimulating constituents could be obtained at one-third the cost, or less. He will lose hundreds of pounds on his crops or stock, by pests and diseases, without knowing anything of the nature of his enemies against whom he has to fight. He prides himself upon being a 'practical man,' and regards all scientific work as unpractical, though every fly that troubles him, and every fungus that infests his plants, has to be studied laboriously by biologists before any accurate knowledge of its life-history can be obtained. Whatever is known of the exact relation between cause and effect in all branches of agriculture, and whenever fact can be placed against opinion as regards diseases of animals and plants, the credit belongs to the scientific investigator, and not to the actual cultivator of the soil.

Swift, with his fine satire, made the King of Brobdingnag express to Gulliver the opinion, 'that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.' The increase has been effected, but the men whose scientific work has led to it are mostly unknown to the politicians and other people who benefit by it.

Before the knowledge of chemistry had sufficiently advanced to provide a basis for a theory of nutrition of the plant, all observation of the good effect of this or that substance on the crop was merely empiric and possessed no value beyond the particular case to which it referred. The science of agricultural chemistry may be said to have been founded early in the nineteenth century when Davy was appointed professor of chemical agriculture to the Board of Agriculture. In the latter part of the previous century, Priestley had shown that green plants, when exposed to bright sunlight, decompose the carbonic acid in the atmosphere into its elements carbon and oxygen, keeping the carbon for themselves and setting free the oxygen; but this fact, and De Saussure's



work on plant chemistry, may be said to represent the state of scientific knowledge of the subject at the time.

Davy did not make any very substantial contributions to the science of agriculture, but he rendered valuable service by insisting upon the value of studying agricultural problems by scientific methods. He knew that the farm and not the laboratory provided the final test of the principles he expounded; and he carried out some field experiments himself.

‘Nothing is more wanting in agriculture,’ he wrote, ‘than experiments in which all the circumstances are minutely and scientifically detailed. This art will advance with rapidity in proportion as it becomes exact in its method.’

Twenty-five years after Davy’s lectures, the great French agricultural chemist, Boussingault, published the results of detailed investigations of what may be termed the balance-sheet of plant growth; and his conclusions were adopted by the renowned German chemist, Liebig, about 1840. Liebig took up the complicated problems of soil constitution and fertility with the practical purpose in mind of increasing its productiveness. He traced clearly the relations between the nutrition of plants and the composition of the soil; and he was the first to study carefully the mineral constituents of plants and to recognise the importance of certain substances, especially potash and phosphates.

The principle of replacing artificially the substances removed from the soil by crops was given a scientific foundation by Liebig’s work, and is now followed by every progressive farmer. Knowing the nature of a soil and the needs of a plant, suitable artificial fertilisers can be applied to make up any deficiency in the main constituents required for vigorous and profitable growth. For example, a soil may be rich in humus, and in compounds of nitrogen and phosphorus, and yet be almost barren land because of deficiency in another essential constituent—potassium. Dr. Cyril Hopkins tells an impressive story of the result of applying potassic fertilisers to such land in Illinois. A man who had been farming soil of this kind came to see a demonstration field of the Illinois Agricultural Experiment Station, and brought with him his wife and children.

‘As he stood looking first on the corn on the treated and untreated land, and then at his wife and children, he broke down and cried like a child. Later he explained to the superintendent

who was showing him the experiments that he had put the best of his life into that kind of land. "The land looked rich," he said, "as rich as any land I ever saw. I bought it and drained it and built my house on a sandy knoll. The first crops were fairly good, and we hoped for better crops, but instead they grew worse and worse. We raised what we could on a small patch of sandy land, and kept trying to find out what we could grow on this black bogus land. Sometimes I helped the neighbours and got a little money, but my wife and I and my older children have wasted twenty years on this land. Poverty, poverty, always! How was I to know that this single substance which you call potassium was all we needed to make this land productive and valuable?"

Without the artificial supply of nitrogen to the soil, it would be practically impossible to grow sufficient wheat to supply the needs of the present inhabitants of the earth who use it for food. The nitrogen is obtained chiefly from nitrate of soda mined in Chile, but these deposits are by no means inexhaustible. Fortunately, science has come to the rescue, and nitrogenous fertilisers are now produced on a large scale from the nitrogen of the atmosphere. The chief source of potash, which greatly increases the fertility of certain soils, is immense saline deposits in the Stassfurth district of Germany. The deposits were discovered about the middle of the nineteenth century, and were at first regarded as useless, but, until the opening of the war, nearly all the potash required in the arts as well as in agriculture was obtained from them.

In addition to nitrogen and potash, most plants require phosphorous compounds or phosphates to stimulate their development and quicken their ripening. It was an English country gentleman, Sir John Bennet Lawes, who, in 1834, guided by the researches of De Saussure on vegetation, showed by experiments the value of this constituent when added to the soil, and discovered a means of producing any quantity of it. Mineral phosphates, such as apatite, are usually too insoluble to have any practical value in agriculture, but Lawes found that, if they were previously treated with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), a 'superphosphate' was produced in which the phosphates are almost entirely soluble in water, and which has a most beneficial influence upon growth upon heavy soils, as well as upon light. The production of this fertiliser was the result of deliberate intention and practical purpose, and it has proved of the highest importance in agriculture.

About six million tons of superphosphate are now manu-

factured annually, and the influence of this compound on the productiveness of the soil in civilised countries is incalculable. The farmer is no longer dependent, as he was formerly, upon bone or guano for a supply of phosphates, for the vast deposits of phosphatic rocks and minerals can be converted into a powder which enables him to restore or increase the fertility of his land in the most effective and economical manner. A dressing so small as half a hundred-weight cast over an acre has been found to double the yield of cereals in soils of South Australia; and the effect has been found equally marvellous in other places.

Lawes was thus the actual benefactor of mankind to whom Swift gave so high a place in 'Gulliver's Travels.' For more than fifty years he carried on agricultural experiments at Rothamsted, near Harpenden, in Hertfordshire, with Sir Henry Gilbert, who had been a pupil of Liebig's; and the work of these two men has made the Rothamsted Experiment Station renowned throughout the world. A memorial tablet in Harpenden Parish Church bears the appropriate inscription:

'In affectionate memory of Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., F.R.S., born at Rothamsted, Dec. 28, 1814, died at Rothamsted, Aug. 31, 1900. He used his long life and his great knowledge and experience as an agricultural chemist, and as a practical scientific farmer, in the pursuit of truth, and for the benefit of his fellow-men in his own country and in all parts of the world.'

Agricultural experiment stations similar to that at Rothamsted now exist in all civilised countries; they are laboratories of industrial or technical research in which problems are attacked with the object of ensuring the supply of man's daily bread by fighting the natural agents and forces which would deprive him of it. Thousands of chemists—mostly in Germany—are engaged in other laboratories in researches which have as their aims the definite practical purposes of increasing man's comforts or pleasures, or strengthening his power over Nature. They have by their intensive investigations produced hundreds of dyes from coal-tar; they have made an artificial indigo which has taken the place of the natural dye-stuff even in the home of the indigo plant—Asia, and a dye-stuff, alizarine, which has similarly displaced the natural dye obtained from the madder root. Encouragement was given by Napoleon to the growth of the madder plant in France by the adoption of its red colouring matter to dye the trousers of French

soldiers, but, by one of life's little ironies, the madder from plantations in France was superseded by alizarine from chemical works in Germany. Numerous other natural products have been built up from their elements by chemical technologists, mostly by systematic purposeful research having profitable commercial ends in view. We have as the result cabinets of synthetic drugs to alleviate pain and fight disease, and artificial essences which cannot be distinguished in their fragrant qualities from the scents of flowers—lilac, lily of the valley, violet, and the rose.

In the extent, deliberation and organisation of technical research, the lead has been taken by Germany and the United States. The intention of such research is not so much to contribute to scientific knowledge as to create new industries or develop old into higher or more productive forms. The country which neglects this pioneer branch of its industrial army cannot maintain an important position in the struggle for existence or supremacy in commercial life. Lord Beaconsfield once said that the condition of the chemical trade of a country is a barometer of its prosperity, and King George the Fifth accentuated this remark in a speech made at the opening of a Congress of Applied Chemistry in London in 1909. His Majesty said :

‘ I fully appreciate the important part which chemistry plays in almost every branch of our modern industry. We all recognise that without a scientific foundation no permanent superstructure can be raised. Does not experience warn us that the rule of-thumb is dead, and that the rule of science has taken its place, that to-day we cannot be satisfied with the crude methods which were sufficient for our forefathers, and that those great industries which do not keep abreast of the advance of science must surely and rapidly decline ? ’

It would be easy to give many examples of the beneficial effects of the co-operation of scientific theory with practical methods. One of the most striking illustrations is afforded by the optical trade. About 1863 the firm of Carl Zeiss, of Jena, asked Ernst Abbe to assist them in the development of the microscope by investigating the optical theory of the instrument. Abbe proved mathematically that with the glass then at the optician's disposal no great improvement in the optical parts of the microscope could be expected. Progress in the art of glass-making was necessary before any substantial advance could be made in microscopic or photographic

lenses. Abbe himself, with Otto Schott, began, therefore, in 1881, to investigate the relation between the optical properties and the chemical composition of glasses. When they began their work, about six chemical elements were the constituents of glasses; and they tested by experiment the effect of adding definite quantities of other substances, as had been done previously in a small way by Canon Vernon Harcourt in England.

What had been a rule-of-thumb industry was thus reconstructed on a scientific basis. Glasses could be produced having particular properties for microscope lenses, for photographic lenses, for thermometers, or any other special purpose. Works were established at Jena, and they now employ thousands of workmen. Germany has governed the markets of the world as regards optical glass manufacture, and England lost an industry in which it was once pre-eminent, on account of the indifference shown by the State as well as by manufacturers to scientific theory.

This has not only been the case with glass manufacture, but also is largely true of the construction of photographic lenses. The principles of the design of such lenses were worked out by Sir John Herschel, Sir William Hamilton, and Sir George Airy, but their significance was not appreciated by practical opticians in the country of their origin, and it was left to optical experts of another nation to apply them to practical needs. Empirical methods followed by British opticians have achieved some notable successes in optical instruments, but the guidance of theory is essential for steady advance, and scientific knowledge is necessary to see any close relation between theory and practice. In originality and inventiveness, the British mind will compare favourably with that of any race, but its attitude to scientific theory is supercilious, and the nation suffers loss by it. If Britain does not lead in industrial development, it is not because of lack of new ideas, but on account of want of scientific insight among her manufacturers and want of faith in the ultimate value of organised industrial research.

It is commonly supposed that the marvellous development of aviation within recent years owes nothing to scientific work; indeed, the assertion is often made—unjustly so—that men of science declared the flight of an aeroplane to be a mathematical impossibility. Aviation engineers have certainly had few scientific principles to guide them in the design of their machines, and the improvements which have been effected have been by trial-and-error methods; but the error has unfortunately involved the sacrifice of many

promising lives. Artificial flight has been achieved chiefly by these empirical methods; and in the absence of exact knowledge they are the only methods available, though they are expensive and wasteful.

When Wilbur and Orville Wright commenced their experiments in artificial flight, the only exact information they could find as to the resistance of the air to machines driven at different velocities were those made by a man of science, Professor S. P. Langley. They were the pioneers of sustained flight with man-carrying aeroplanes, and they have acknowledged that their confidence in the practical solution of the problem was derived from Langley and his work.

'The knowledge that the head of the most prominent scientific institution of America believed in the possibility of human flight was one of the influences that led us to undertake the preliminary investigations that preceded our active work. He recommended to us the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset. It was a helping hand at a critical time, and we shall always be grateful.'

In December 1903 the Brothers Wright made the first actual flight with an aeroplane driven by a petrol motor. It is constantly stated that artificial flight would have been accomplished long before if engines light enough to drive them had been available, but that is not the case. Flights with two, three, or more passengers show that lightness of the motor is not the only consideration, and motors with equivalent weights were available ten years before the Wrights designed their man-carrying aeroplanes. It was by following the scientific guidance of Langley, and using mechanical ingenuity to extend it, that they were able to give practical effect to the desire of man to rise above the clouds.

Though the Wrights were the first aviators to make successful flights with a heavier-than-air machine driven by its own power, little was known of their work for about two years after 1903. During this period they were engaged in perfecting their aeroplane, until, in 1905, they were able to remain in the air for half an hour and cover a distance of about twenty-four miles. They did not give a public demonstration of their achievements until 1908—two years after M. Santos Dumont had made a short public flight in France, using an aeroplane designed by him without any definite knowledge of what the Wrights had done. Since that period, the advance of dynamic flight has been rapid and marvellous; and aeroplanes of various types are now in everyday use, particularly for military purposes.



The performances of the earlier machines depended very largely upon the pilots, who had to give close attention to different controls in order to keep the planes in a condition of stability in the air. The problem of producing a machine which is automatically steady in free flight is largely mathematical, and it involves the theory of small oscillations about a state of steady motion developed by Lagrange, Kelvin, Routh, and other men of science. Definite attention has been given to the mathematical conditions which have to be satisfied to solve the problem of inherent stability, by Professor G. H. Bryan and Mr. F. W. Lanchester; and their conclusions, with the results of experimental research on models at the National Physical Laboratory, chiefly by Mr. L. Bairstow, have led to the construction of machines like the B.E. biplane, which are almost independent of the pilot except when near the ground, where personal control must be exercised.

In describing to the House of Commons last May the Government scheme for the establishment of an Advisory Council on Industrial Research, Mr. Pease said that our successes over the enemy with heavier-than-air machines were very largely due to the investigations which led to the introduction of this biplane. He and other speakers gave many similar instances of the dependence of industrial development upon scientific investigation; and if the war impresses this relationship upon our manufacturers, the continuance of industrial prosperity is assured whatever competition the future may bring. Men of science of the Faraday type ask little more of the State than the opportunity of pursuing their researches under suitable conditions; they are the makers of new knowledge, explorers in unknown seas, and must be left to follow the paths along which their own particular guiding stars lead them. Industrial research, organised and purposeful, falls into a different category; it starts with practical problems and seeks profit from their solution instead of concerning itself with purely scientific inquiries for which no immediate application can be seen. The genius of the original investigator cannot be chained to the chariot of industry, but it can be cherished, and its products as well as national needs can be made the subject of intensive study. To the modern State adequate provision for independent scientific research as well as organised industrial inquiry is not only a duty, but also an essential factor of national existence.



### THE 'FRIENDS' IN FRANCE.

THE work of the 'Friends' in France is one of the fair sides of the war; for wherever their grey uniforms pass some scar is healed, some hope is born, and by giving generously of human sympathy they have helped suffering people to forget something of human brutality. The authentic title of their organisation in France is 'La Société des Amis,' but it pleases the French people to speak of them in familiar phrase as 'Les Quakers,' and the average Frenchman's conception of their particular religious creed is delightfully vague and fantastic. The only point on which he is quite clear is the Friends' claim to be non-combatants by conviction.

In 1870 the Friends came over to France in a small band and worked behind the French armies, distributing food and clothing to impoverished civilians and giving medical aid to all who needed it. Their number was few, but they won golden opinions and did excellent work which has been remembered and recorded. In 1914, inspired by the same desire to help, they sent over another Relief Expedition, based on the same lines as that of 1870. A committee was formed in England and negotiations by means of French intermediaries were begun with the French Government. The Friends offered to send over doctors, nurses, and general helpers to do whatever was possible to relieve the distress among the civil population of the invaded districts. After some weeks of discussion their offer was accepted, and at the same time permission was given to all members of the society to wear the black and crimson star which had been given as a badge to those members of the society who had worked in France forty-four years ago.

The aim of the Friends has always been to work for civilians, and although the course of events has caused them to give help to soldiers in many instances and even to have one of their ambulances working quite near the Front, it is among civilians that the greater part of their work has been done. When they began operations in the autumn of 1914 they were faced with a task that might have dismayed a less brave people, for the country was still trembling from the shock of the German invasion. Refugees were pouring down towards Paris, and in the villages through which the Germans had passed the remaining inhabitants were paralysed by fear as the result of the brief but brutal occupation by the enemy.

Under the orders of General Azibert the Friends worked behind the 5th French Army, in the cantons of Montmirail, Esternay, and Fère-Champenoise. Their first centre was at Esternay, from which

point they sent out doctors, nurses, architects, builders, sanitary experts and men-of-all-work to inquire into and remedy whatever ill came within their scope. Destruction, sickness, death, and the direst poverty faced them on all sides, but the worst thing they had to fight against in those days was the haunting fear in the hearts of all those who had suffered, and were still suffering, that the 'grey flood' would come again. They had seen the German army in all its arrogant pride sweep across the land, leaving behind it such terrible proofs of its strength that they could not believe it to be irretrievably held in check. The very thought of it paralysed them, and it was only when this fear was subdued that they found heart to begin life again with the help of the Friends.

Strange tales were told in those early days, and the Friends as they went about among the peasantry, had hard, stern proofs of German brutality. But, like Jane Austen, they 'willingly quit such odious subjects as guilt and misery, and are impatient to restore everybody, not greatly in fault themselves, to tolerable comfort.' Therefore, when you talk to the Friends you do not hear much of horrors and atrocities, but you learn a great deal about quiet endurance, self-denial, and the power to 'begin again' in the face of disaster. In a little book, 'Behind the Battle Lines in France,' written for private circulation by Mr. Harvey, one of the Friends, there are many stories which bear witness to the French peasant's fine qualities, and which refute the tradition that he is beyond all things grasping and uncharitable. 'Happy is the people that has such a peasantry,' says Mr. Harvey, and as you read the countless stories of women who have set aside their own safety to promote the security of others, who have given half of their little all to help a neighbour, who have offered to care for orphaned children when already their own quiver was more than full, you are convinced that he is right. It was among such people that the Friends distributed food and clothing in abundance, for it was those things which were greatly needed. At the same time, and with an orderly rapidity that was suggestive of magic, they established centres for medical aid and sent out district nurses; they started their hut-building depots and began to rebuild brick and stone houses out of the old materials. They pervaded the unhappy districts like an army of good genii, and before their unobtrusive way of doing good even the suspicions of this home-keeping peasant people sank to rest.

At the end of December they changed their centre from Esternay to Fère-Champenoise, where they established a hut-building depot,

a provision depot, and, with a staff of doctor and nurses, worked in twenty neighbouring communes, distributing relief of all kinds. Their grey motor cars, with the inscription ' Mission Anglaise ' written on them, went all over the country-side, strictly but kindly watched over by the military authorities, and warmly supported by all civilian officials and private individuals. The practical grey uniforms of both men and women had become familiar features in the landscape, and their wearers were accepted wherever they went as workers of great value.

In the meantime another group of workers had established a maternity hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne, by the request of the Préfet. They were offered the use of a part of the Asile des Vieillards, which stands on the outskirts of the town, and in the name of the department the Préfet undertook to pay all the domestic charges of the hospital if the Friends would be responsible for the provision of the medical staff and equipment. Under these conditions the hospital was opened, and it has proved a valuable refuge for mothers and children who have come from the devastated districts. It relieved the town hospital, which was greatly strained, and it has proved itself very elastic in its resources, for it goes much further than its title of ' maternity ' suggests. Added to the maternity wards, it has a crèche and quite a big out-patients' department, run on peculiarly pleasant lines ; the consultation days are called ' our at-home days,' and they mean nourishment as well as medicine, and gifts of clothing go with good advice.

The difficulties of beginning the Châlons work were many, and an ' Asile,' even at its best, is a depressing institution. It looks and feels like a workhouse of the least prepossessing kind, and the inmates appear to belong to that unhappy fringe of humanity which, for one reason or another, is wanting in wit. In one of the unlovely red-brick blocks of the Châlons Asile the Friends installed themselves last December, and found even in their quarters a remnant of that poor humanity for which the building had been constructed : twenty silent, foolish-looking old women sat doing nothing in a ground-floor room, and formed a mute, indifferent audience to the Friends' activities. They watched the goings and comings, they assisted at all the meals. And although so little comprehending and so harmless, they were grim, uncomfortable guests to have always at the board. Thus, when the Préfet had them removed a sigh of relief went up from all the staff.

A less easily disposed of factor was the dirt of the place, for to make the amateur French domestic staff clean according to English

hospital rules was not an easy thing to do. The cold was another adversary, and the glory of 'serving' was dim in the minds of most as they shivered through meals in an icy room and crept along arctic passages to bed. But the day's work was hard enough to make them sleep the heavy sleep of exhaustion until they were called in the grey dawn of another day to begin again.

Many tragic cases have been nursed in the Châlons wards, and it was only with the coming of spring that the Friends began to see wide effects of their winter's work. Women who had come into them almost dead from having given birth to their children in cold, damp cellars; children who were half starved because their mothers had been unable to get food for them; homeless, orphaned babies; mothers who had got separated from their children, were among their many patients, and although they lost a few the majority flourished and grew fat. To such as these the bare wards (clean and dainty after a struggle between the ward maids and the matron) were havens of rest, and between the women who nursed and those who were being nursed a mutual respect had grown up. Both sides avoided any familiarity or undue curiosity, and the matron told me that she was immensely impressed by the courage, common sense, and competence of the average French woman of the people. 'They are good wives and good mothers, and their simple trust in the *Bon Dieu* is encouraging to see.'

In the crèche on the ground floor life ran to a livelier measure than in the wards, and a certain 'Roland' of five or six summers was continually being called to order for leading his elders astray. In the common room, nurses off duty could rest in basket chairs, the only sign of luxury in the hospital, and there visitors were received and Friends who were passing through the town could come and get a meal. There was a hint of Quaker simplicity in everything, and I could not but think of Charles Lamb when he wrote in his 'Quakers' Meeting':

'When the spirit is sore fettered, even tired to sickness of the janglings and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and solace it is to go and seat yourself for a quiet half-hour upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers. Their garb and stillness conjoined present an uniformity . . . and cleanliness in them is something more than the absence of its contrary.'

We know, of course, that many of the Friends who are working in France are not Quakers, but they are all working under the spell of the Quaker spirit, a very healing one to have abroad just now, whatever different convictions one may hold personally.

The reconstruction work of the Society in the different depart-

ments of the country rapidly increased as the spring advanced. At Vitry-le-François, where General Joffre had his Headquarters in the worst days of the Marne battle, there is an important depot, and on a beautiful summer's day we visited the little town and saw with what simplicity and effectiveness the Friends carry on their work. They had been allotted a school-house with some surrounding sheds, and there, with their accustomed modesty, they had installed offices, provision depot, carpenters' sheds, and motor garage. About a dozen territorial soldiers were working with them on that particular day, and a wooden house was being made as fast as hands could make it. They showed us plans of the different sizes they were in the habit of making; some had four rooms, some three, and the smallest two. Each had a double roof, with a corrugated iron or tarpaulin covering. The walls are draught-proof, and there are good windows and fireplaces. Compared with many a thatched cottage that I know, these temporary shelters are magnificent, and if, as French people say, it is 'Le "provisoire" qui dure le plus longtemps en France,' the Quaker huts are likely to be the homes of those to whom they were given for quite a long time. When a hut is complete in all its separate parts, these parts are loaded on to one of the Friends' motor lorries and carted off to the place for which the hut is destined. There the Friends put it up and leave it in the hands of those whose business it is to furnish it. Up to August 1915, 230 huts and houses have been built and repaired in different villages of the Marne, the Aisne, and the Meuse, and, encouraged by this constructive work of the Friends, the inhabitants themselves have put up and repaired many more out of old materials. In this way a friendly and wholesome spirit of rivalry has grown up between the Friendly builders and the natives, which acts as a spur to all. One Frenchman scored a great triumph over the English workers when he announced that *his* house had a parquet floor, which was more than any of the Friends could boast. And no one was more delighted than the Friends when they heard the news; for, with all their generosity and love of charitableness, they know that there is no help like that which comes from the people themselves to promote a lasting cure for the misfortunes which have fallen on them and on their land.

Perfect good feeling exists between the English Mission and the French authorities; the Church, the State, and the Army work hand in hand with it, and although the restrictions as to the movements of the Friendly members are necessarily severe, they have not hampered the work in any serious sense. At Sermaize, where

the devastation wrought by the enemy was very serious, the Friends have done most excellent work. Before the war, Sermaize was a smiling little town known as Sermaize-les-Bains; it had 4000 inhabitants and about 1000 houses. After the German occupation only 200 houses were left standing, and the inhabitants who remained were stricken with fear and threatened with starvation and disease. It was in this state that the Friends found the town and its people; now it has been restored to health and comparative prosperity. The sanitary experts have cleansed the wells and the drains, the builders have restored a certain number of houses, the doctors and nurses have established a hospital in a part of the neglected thermal establishment, and in another part of the building they run a little maternity school. The agricultural members of the society have cultivated a small farm from which they can supply vegetables for the family *pot-au-feu*. Moreover, food and clothing, furniture, and household linen have been distributed widely. The work has not been easy in spite of the courageous way in which the peasants themselves seconded the Friends, and the authorities and richer members of the population supported their efforts; because no sooner was one evil mastered than another grew up in its place. Thus, as soon as the town seemed fairly on the way to health and comfort, summer came and brought with it dangerous flies. 'And,' said a Quaker lady to me, 'would you believe it, there was not a meat safe in Sermaize.' With fairy godmother-like celerity, the Friends ordered meat safes by the score, and 'of all the gifts they have had given them,' resumed the Quaker lady, 'the housewives seemed to appreciate these *gardes-manger* the most.' For many miles round Sermaize the peasants come for medical and material relief, and other working centres are now established at Maurupt, Fontenelle, Haussingement, Etrepy, Huiron, Nettancourt, Villers-sur-Vents, and Sommeilles. They all work on the same lines as those already spoken of, with here and there a pleasant variation in the form of a neighbouring château which has been turned into a convalescent home for women and children, such as the one at Bettancourt-le-Longue.

A very important Agricultural Relief section is also developing immense proportions as the seasons come and go, leaving northern France still in the enemy's occupation; and under an expert's direction the Society of Friends has been able to help many peasant farmers to till and sow and reap their ground, so that the harvest, even in the devastated regions, has not been a failure. The efforts of the Friends have been strengthened by the support of the Agri-



cultural Relief of Allies Committee, by the American Relief Clearing-House, and by the French Agricultural Society. In many cases only women remained on the farms to do the work, and nowhere could men of strong working age be found; old men or boys provided the only masculine labour, but the women are so much in the habit of working on the land that they soon showed an aptitude for all sides of farm work, even for that of ploughing. Where the labour was of such a kind that the women could not do it, the Friends willingly 'lent a hand.'

Everything was wanted on the farms over which the Germans had passed, for they carried out the work of destruction very thoroughly. Machines, tools, crops, and even the manure-heaps were burnt ruthlessly, as well as the farmhouses and buildings with all their contents. Consequently, all these things had to be supplied. Last spring, 1250 packages of vegetable seeds, each package holding fourteen different kinds of seeds, were distributed in the department of the Marne, and 500 in the Meuse, with 800 lb. of beetroot, 400 lb. of sainfoin, 360 lb. of clover, 180 lb. of carrots, and 50,000 cabbages. Round Fère-Champenoise alone 10,000 lb. of potatoes were sent out and large quantities of artificial manure. As the hay harvest approached, 72 new mowing machines were delivered and 86 old ones were repaired. Later on, 38 new binders were given, 20 of which were presented by the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee, and 5 by the American Relief Clearing-House. About 71 old binders were repaired, and it was no uncommon thing for reapers and binders to be worked by young Englishmen who in other days were more used to playing the piano than working on a farm. Thrashing flails have been given out this autumn, and it is proposed to have steam ploughs ready for the spring work. Live stock in the form of rabbits and poultry have been supplied to many of the small farmers to encourage the women to take up poultry-farming, and it is hoped later on to send stock of a heavier kind, for the loss in sheep and cattle has been deplorably great.

The work of the women Friends is not limited to the hospitals or the district nursing, but extends over a wide housekeeping field. Many of them are learning as well as teaching, for the French peasant is no mean cook and is handy with her needle. The English Friend is working with these women as well as for them, and when a wooden hut is furnished they exchange ideas on housekeeping which are mutually beneficial. A French kitchen and a French linen chest are generally well furnished, and in finding out what the peasant women think essential to a house the Englishwoman



has come to a clearer understanding of the French character, even as the Frenchwoman is learning something of the simple comfort which naturally surrounds the educated working women of England. The work and expense of furnishing the ruined homes of the French peasants have been heavy, and although a French society, *Le Bon Gîte*, has been very helpful in this particular section of the work, the bulk of the charge has fallen on the resources of the Friends. Up to August of this year 553 huge bales of material have been sent over from England, as well as something like 120,000 articles of clothing. Most of the heavy furniture is bought in France to save delay and expense in transport, and some idea of what is being spent on this part of the work may be gathered by learning that the total cost of the Friends' work in France is £4000 a month even in its least expensive periods. Added to this, the French departments where they work make them an allowance of £140 a month, and it is not unlikely that they will receive further support for their agricultural work from the French Agricultural Society, which appreciates very keenly the past efforts and the plans for the future.

The number of Friends working in France at the end of 1915 was 150, whereas in 1914 there were only 32. With the exception of one or two of the fully-trained nurses, none of the members of the Society receive salaries, and all who can afford it pay their own expenses and give generously to the funds. There has been some difficulty in getting permanent doctors in the different hospital centres, and as the war goes on the work falls more and more on the shoulders of women doctors, one of whom is responsible for the original idea of the expedition, and has worked untiringly and unceasingly in France ever since last autumn. It is difficult not to speak in glowing, enthusiastic tones of the work of the Friends in France, but there is something about their way of being and doing which makes anything beyond a subdued and sincere appreciation of them seem out of place, and even a little presumptuous. They themselves have shown such exquisite tact in their dealings with a foreign people, with a people professing a different creed, and at a time when nationality is, indeed, up in arms, no matter how peaceful a mission may be, that to fall into too vivid praise of all they have done would be to miss the very spirit of their undertaking.

M. E. CLARKE.

### LIVINGSTONE'S MONUMENT.

*The following description of a visit to Livingstone's monument is from a letter written by Mrs. Livingstone Wilson, his only surviving child, in whom and her son are centred all the personal memoirs of the great explorer.*

CHITAMBO, SERENGE, N.E. RHODESIA,

August 2, 1915.

LET me try to tell you of the most interesting expedition I have yet made, a visit to the monument, about three days from here, which is erected on the spot where the great tree once stood, under which my father's heart was buried, when his native servants prepared his body, by rough embalming and drying, for its long, long trek to the coast. To me it was a sort of pilgrimage, and while staying at the spot—for we encamped there—my heart was full of all I would have liked to say and write, yet which I could, and indeed still can, find no words to express adequately. How well one can understand now all that is included in the first words of the inscription on his tombstone, 'Brought by faithful hands over land and sea. . . .' You need to be out here to realise fully what that means.

This mission station Chitambo is the latest and most outlying of the Livingstonia United Free Presbyterian Mission, and was started in memory of my father, but they had to place it on this high healthy plateau, as the country around the monument is not so healthy. It is about fifty-five miles, or three days' march, from where he died. My son went to spend a month there, just now, marking and clearing out the boundaries, cutting down the undergrowth, and tidying it all up generally. And while doing this, he had a number of native teachers with him, whom he sent out to hold services in the villages nearest the monument, practically untouched ground.

So it was arranged that my daughter and I should join him there, and we started more than a fortnight ago. Camp life just suits me, there is something so free and natural and healthy in the life, under the open sky, when one seems to live so near to Nature and Nature's God. I don't call tents much covering from the open sky, especially ours, which were rather old and full of holes, so we had plenty of ventilation and sky above and round us, when stars peeped in on us, and brilliant moonlight shone through. Don't picture such tents as you see in Stores catalogues,

with chests of drawers, mirrors, tables, chairs, and ground-sheets, all complete! The sole piece of movable furniture in mine, for instance, was a collapsible camp bedstead, which fortunately did not collapse when one was in it! My only washing apparatus was when the boy brought in, somewhere about dawn, the kitchen enamel basin for washing dishes in, full of hot water, and placed it on the ground. My only ground-sheet was a small piece of sacking beside the bed. For the rest, Mother Earth, and a good admixture of *village*! So, although this lowly washstand had advantages, it had the opposite too, when your soap would slip out of your hand, *not* on to the scrap of sacking, but amongst the dust, after which you enjoyed grit in your soap to the end!

My suitcase did duty as a table, and everything else. Outside was our tiny dinner-table (also collapsible) and our deck chairs. It was very sweet to come out before the sun rose, into the dewy freshness of the morning, with wonderful rose tints in the east, brightening into gold as the sun drew nearer and nearer to rising. And generally before we had finished breakfast, the first long level rays would shoot across to us, and the wonderful colour-symphony of blue, and green, and gold of a new day had begun. All over the great central plateau of Africa, where you are generally from 3000 to 5000 or more feet above sea-level, the nights are cool, and if near a river, cold, almost frosty you would say, in this the cool dry season. Cool is of course a comparative term, because I am wearing white washing dresses and muslin blouses such as I should wear in the hottest part of our summer at home. In the rains it is much hotter. I have not seen a drop of rain for three months.

We usually made a start on our day's march about 7, or 7.30, while it was still fresh and cool. Later the heat would become very great. At this station, close on 5000 feet above sea-level, the temperature at night varies from 42 degrees, and in the daytime 72 to 84, rarely 90 degrees. Cool nights are such a comfort, as they help to refresh one after the blazing heat of the day. We always have a fine fire at night just now, and are glad of it.

One camps sometimes in villages, sometimes in the bush, which is quieter and nicer, though the men like it less, not being so lively. But on this 'ulendo,' as these expeditions are called, we were always in villages, as a good many lions were known to be about, and we had no gun, only a revolver, my son having all the guns, and as neither of us has a 'straight eye,' I fancy the lions would

have been a good deal safer from us than we from them ! Some of our men had spears, but one never quite knows what the native will do, and the chances are that he would throw down his load and be up the nearest tree without further thought for us ! An expedition like this requires a large number of men, to carry tents, bedding, food, the bale of calico to buy food with, also salt for the same purpose, *machila* boys (hammock-bearers), our houseboys, and the 'capitas,' or headman, to be responsible for the men. Ours always reminded me of Euclid's description of the line, for length without breadth was his chief outward characteristic ! But he was very careful of us two, always was responsible for our camp-fire, and if danger threatened would walk near us with spear ready, and if we got away from the rest, would stand like a sentinel on the path till we turned up again.

We were to have extended our expedition round by a small lake, where my son was to join us, and shoot hippopotamus, and lechwe, a kind of antelope. But my throat was inconsiderate enough to become sore one day, and as we had had two long waterless days' march, and would have another, the *son* became merged in the *doctor*, stern and unyielding, and after pouring some medicine down my throat before an admiring and interested crowd of the 'ulendo,' he forbade that third hard day's march and the hunting part of our expedition.

Those were hard days, I must own. The country here is composed mainly of 'bush,' that is, not large timber trees, except here and there, but smaller trees and bushes, sometimes very sparse, so that the sun beats down on one mercilessly ; or of 'dambos,' like great prairies of tall grass up to twelve or thirteen or more feet high, and crossing those 'dambos' in the fierce heat of the day is overpowering, especially when there is no water to be had, and all sorts of visions of delicious drinks one has had in the past float before one's delirious mind ! We were in the tsetse-fly area too, and we were devoured with them. This fly, as I suppose you know, is the one which has been found to carry sleeping sickness, though in that district it is believed not to be infected yet, and great precautions are taken to prevent infection from being imported. Sleeping sickness is conveyed by the fly biting an infected animal or person, and becoming infected itself, then it flies off, and bites you, whereupon sleeping sickness follows. We were sadly tormented by the tsetse, because every insect with a sting or mouth finds *me* out, even if there were only one of its kind in the district, so if I don't get

stung it is pretty certain there is none there to sting ! So what with these creatures, and my stupid throat, which probably was partly malarial, we arrived, rather exhausted, at the next village, Mulungo by name, a word which, curiously enough, means God ! Here my son joined us, and it was there that he put his medical foot down, and said no, we should now go straight to the monument ! There, by clearing away the undergrowth, he has, for the time at least, exterminated the fly.

I was much better next day, and we had a short journey to the next village, Chimasi, which was the first connecting link with my father's last painful march, because, as he says in the last entry in his diary, that he 'sent to buy milch goats . . .' to try to ease his malady, and this village must have been one where they tried to do this. Next day we passed through the village of Chifianka, where he undoubtedly passed too before crossing the Lulimala, or 'Molilamo,' for so my father calls it in that same historic last entry — 'Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats, we are on the banks of the R. Molilamo.' Villages out here are constantly changing their site, because when the ground for their gardens is exhausted the people just burn down their village and move elsewhere ! So it is extremely difficult often to locate a village accurately. In this case, however, we were able to do so. An old man said he remembered the sick white man being carried through. The next part of the way was along what was probably the actual path along which he was carried in such suffering, to cross the Lulimala. It was the close of the rainy season when he was there, and he seems to have crossed in a canoe ; but when we were there, it was so dried up, and grown over with reeds, papyrus, &c., that it hardly looked like a river at all. We were carried over in our *machilas*.

We arrived at the monument before lunch, *very* hot. They have a cottage there for the use of travellers, and some native huts for their men. There is even a visitors' book ! All round this is a wide cleared space, and from the cottage you look straight down a broad avenue to the monument itself, gleaming white amongst the trees. There is something wonderfully impressive about the whole place in the heart of the great African bush, a 'feeling of something holy, and a sense of something vast,' to quote some lines speaking of something quite different. It is not that the monument itself is anything to look at, in fact it is a plain thing, and to heighten the contrast some cypress trees have been planted round it,

though somehow I feel they don't quite *fit* in such surroundings. But there is something in the deep stillness of Nature that seems to suggest a sanctuary. It made one feel how much *he* would have preferred to have been buried there, not his heart merely, rather than where he is laid. Beautiful and stately as our loveliest abbeys are, can anything exceed the beauty of Nature's abbeys, with their trees forming aisles, and pillars, and groined roofs, all sun-bathed and still, and the wonderful blue of the African sky over all?

You know, I expect, something of that story which grows more and more wonderful to me the more I see of the childish, irresponsible, undeveloped nature of the African native,—that his followers should have originated such an overwhelming undertaking, as the preservation of his body, and the bringing it all those 800 or 900 miles to the coast, knowing, as they must have done, something of the difficulties and dangers they must encounter in the doing of it. When they got him carried to Chitambo's village, they laid him down to rest under the wide eaves of a native hut, till the grass hut was finished which they built for him outside the village near a great tree. These huts are very quickly put up. That night he died;—found, so his men told us at the time, in the attitude of prayer, and the men then built a round, roofless, grass hut, in which they prepared the body for its long journey to the coast. It was kept drying in this for a fortnight. They allowed no one inside but themselves, and they took turns to watch by it night and day. Everything seems to have been done with the utmost reverence. They then buried the heart at the foot of this great mpundu tree, which was a kind of landmark all round, and Jacob Wainwright, the most educated of his followers, carved an inscription on it, wisely removing the bark, which would just have grown over again. He also read the Burial Service over it, out of the Church Prayer Book, which he used daily to read the daily prayers to his boys. I have since gifted it to Eorrapaidh Church. He also gave instructions to the chief to keep the grass short all round the trees, to prevent bush fires coming near and destroying the tree, because 'other white men, his friends, will come some day and ask where the spot is,' and Chitambo would have to show them. After this they packed the body to look like a bale of goods, as it would have been too dangerous often to pass through, or even near, villages with what was known to be a dead body; and so through incredible hardships, sickness, and even deaths, they accomplished the most wonderful task that surely ever African set his mind to,



in bringing the body of their beloved master all that way to Zanzibar.

Next day after we arrived, two old men who remembered it all came to see us, and they brought with them the son of the old chief who had been alive at that time, and who had showed my father and his men kindness. They brought a great retinue with them, and themselves were clad in all the bravery of *coats* (somewhat derelict, it is true!) they had picked up somewhere. Otherwise their loin-cloths completed their costume. Next day when we came across one of them in 'undress' he looked much more dignified in his sole garment, a loin-cloth, than in the old greatcoat he had worn to pay us his visit of state! They also brought me a present of many baskets of 'wunga,' or flour made from a kind of millet. Also some fowls. We had a skin brought out, and made them all sit down and tell us all they could remember of those dim old times. This was deeply interesting to us, though it had to be done through an interpreter. Their story was substantially the same, making allowance for slight discrepancies; but when one remembered how long ago it was, and how these men may have got confused, or not known some of the details we got from the very men who carried his body, it was wonderful how it all tallied, and so was doubly interesting.

One of these discrepancies was that one of the old men, Chitono by name, maintained that my father died in his mother's hut, not in the one prepared for him. This may have arisen from the fact that they laid my father down to rest under the eaves of a hut in the village. Chitono maintained this quite simply, and as a matter of course, and after all what does it matter? The all-important fact all were agreed on was that my father's heart was buried under the great tree and his body taken away.

Then we all went down to the monument itself, where they showed us the exact position of everything, and also told us that the old chief, Chitambo, was buried on the other side of the same tree. The tree was struck by lightning, and the Royal Geographical Society sent out to have the inscription brought home, and you may see it now in the R.G.S. rooms any time. After that the monument was sent out and erected where the tree had been. I meant to have gathered and sent to you some leaves from seedlings of the tree growing close to the monument, which were there last year when my son and daughter paid their first visit to it, but unfortunately they had made everything so tidy that leaves of every sort were



gone. After this the old chiefs took us over to where the old village of Chitambo stood in my father's day, and old Chitono showed us the foundation of his mother's hut, where my father is said to have died. It was strange to feel I was probably standing beside the very spot where he had been laid to rest the day before he died.

I shall never forget my visit to the monument, nor the deep, solemn stillness, the wonderful contrasts of colour, &c., the blue, cloudless sky, and sunlit woods. My childhood's remembrance, hearing people talk about it all, always was of a dreary, marshy, rainy spot. Now I shall always think of it as one of Nature's own sanctuaries, sun-bathed and fair, just the place my father would have chosen to lie had he been consulted.

### THE TOLL-PAYERS.

CHILDREN, to-day made fatherless,  
 And mothers, mourning for your sons,—  
 Oh, not from you in your distress  
 Is wrung in all its bitterness  
 The tribute of the guns.

You, who are young, will soon forget  
 This tragic toll upon the road,  
 In happy years, undreamed of yet,  
 When you will reap without regret  
 The seed your fathers sowed.

And mothers, though you hide despair  
 Deep in your hearts, can you not smile  
 To show that you, whose sons could dare  
 So greatly, can unflinching bear  
 Your burden for a while ?

Men, who were young when you were young,  
 Walk with you in your evening's shade,  
 And as the dark with stars is hung  
 For light, you guard, like jewels strung,  
 Thoughts of the men you made.

Recalling for a little space  
 Your happy soldiers, not bereft  
 Of hope that they, in some fair place  
 Of peace, will welcome face to face  
 The mothers that they left.

But what remains to us, who knew  
 No memories they did not share,  
 The brothers and the boys who grew  
 Through days and years beside us, who  
 Were part of all we were ?

For every light is quenched, that shone  
For us, about Love's diadem,  
And every hope we dreamed upon,  
Our future, and our past, is gone  
Into the dark with them.

And gazing on, the tumult clears,  
Fades, and is gone,—and Life survives.  
Unveiled by any mist of tears  
We see the long and empty years  
Of our unmenaced lives,

When Time will change us, until we  
Shall be as strangers when we go  
To greet our own, and though we see  
Them look for us, we shall not be  
The friends they used to know.

ALISON LINDSAY.

## THE NEW 'UBIQUE.'

BY JEFFERY E. JEFFERY.

### A BATTERY IN BEING.

THE author of a little red book 'War Establishments,' labelled 'For Official Use Only' (presumably a gentleman with a brain like an automatic ready-reckoner), probably thought of nothing whatever, certainly of no human being, when he penned the decree 'Farrier-Sergeants—per battery—1.' But if he could only see the result of his handiwork! For our farrier-sergeant David Evans is simply splendid. He is small and sturdy and middle-aged, with grizzled hair that shows at all times in front of his pushed-back cap. His soft Welsh accent is a joy to hear; his affection for the horses is immense, his industry unflagging, and his workmanship always of the very best. He knows nothing about guns or drill or any kind of soldiering, he is an indifferent rider and in appearance he would never be mistaken for a guardsman! But we have only cast one shoe since he joined us months ago, and he has been known to sit up all night with a sick horse and carry on with his work as usual on the following day, whistling merrily (he always whistles while he works) and hammering away as if his very ration depended upon his shoeing the whole battery before dusk. The Child summed him up with his customary exactitude.

'I love the old farrier,' he said, 'he's such a merry old man. I bet he's a topping uncle to somebody!'

Then there is the saddler. I know that the formation of our new armies has produced many anomalies, but it is my conviction that our saddler is unique. To start with he is a grandfather! He is a little wizened old man with a nose like a bird's beak and he wears huge thick spectacles. He is sixty-two, and how he got into the service is a mystery. He has never done a parade in his life, but when it comes to leather-work (again I quote the Child) 'he's a tiger.' The battery was newly formed and living in billets in North Wales when he joined it. His original appearance caused a mild sensation, even amongst that motley and un-uniformed assembly. For he wore check trousers and a pair of ancient brown shoes, a tweed tail-coat from the hind pocket of which protruded a red handkerchief, and—most grotesque of all—

a battered top hat of brown felt! And in this costume he served his country, quite unconcernedly, for two months before the authorities saw fit to provide him with a khaki suit. It is his habit, no matter where the battery may find itself—in barracks, camp or billets, to seek out a secluded spot (preferably a dark one), to instal himself there with his tools and a tangle of odd straps, threads and buckles, and proceed to make or mend things. For he is one of those queer persons who really like work.

I was not fortunate enough to see him in his civilian garb, but I have a vivid recollection of his first appearance after being issued with a 'cap, winter, overseas, with waterproof cover.' This cap, though practical, does not tend to add to the smartness of the wearer, even if the wearer is in all other respects smart. But the saddler went to extremes. He managed to put on the cover so that the whole, pulled well down over his ears, resembled a vast sponge bag or an elderly lady's bathing cap, beneath which his spectacles gleamed like the head-lights of a motor car. The wildest stretch of the imagination could not liken him to any sort of soldier. Nevertheless, after his fashion, he is certainly 'doing his bit.'

It is, of course, impossible to describe them all. Equally is it impossible to understand them all. I wish I could, for therein lies the secret to almost everything. The sergeant-major, for instance, who is the personification of respectful efficiency—what does he think of this infant unit? From the dignified way in which he says, 'Of course in *my* battery we did so and so' (meaning, of course, his old 'regular' battery), I gather that his prejudices are strong and that he harbours a secret longing to go back whence he came. And I sometimes wonder whether he finds himself quite at home in the sergeants' mess. But he shows no outward sign of discontent and he allows no discord: his discipline is stern and unbending. He knows all about every man and every horse, he is always to be found somewhere in the lines, and he is extraordinarily patient at explaining to ignorant persons of all ranks the 'service' method of doing everything—from the tying of a head-rope to the actual manœuvring of a battery in the field. Last, but by no means least, he is six foot three and broad in proportion, and his voice carries two hundred yards without apparent effort on his part.

The quartermaster-sergeant—I learnt this only a day or so ago—is a revivalist preacher in quieter times; the ration orderly,

besides his faculty for wheedling extra bacon out of the supply people, has a magnificent tenor voice; the great majority of the rank and file are miners. It is only comparatively recently that they have really settled down to take a pride in themselves and an intelligent interest in the reputation of their unit. For we are not KI. We are nearer to being Kv or VI, and we were not amongst the first to be equipped and trained. We got our guns, our horses and our harness late in the day, and we were, perhaps, the least bit rushed. Consequently we were slow to develop, but we are making up for lost time now at an astonishing pace. I can remember a time when, on giving the order 'Walk—march' to any given team, there was always an even chance that drivers and horses would disagree as to the necessity for moving off. I can also remember a time (and not so very long ago either) when our gunners had but the smallest conception of what a gun was designed to do and (I know this) rather shrank from the dread prospect of actually firing it. But now we drive with no mean attempt at style; a narrow gateway off a lane is nothing to us, and our horses, artistically matched in teams of bay or black, are prepared to pull their two tons through or over anything within reason with just a 'click' of encouragement from the drivers they know and understand. And we open the breech as the gun runs up after the recoil, we call out the fuses and slap in the next shell with more than mere drill-book smartness; we're beginning to acquire that pride in our working of the guns which is the basis of all good artillery work. In fact we have reached a stage where it would be a wholesome corrective to our conceit to be taken 'en masse' to see the harness, the horses and the gun-drill of some regular battery that has borne the brunt of things since Mons. Then we would go home saying to ourselves, 'If the war lasts another two years and we keep hard at it, we'll be as good as they are.'

But in the meanwhile we are quite prepared to take on the Hun, moving or stationary, in trenches or in the open, at any range from 'point-blank' to six thousand. And we have had it dinned into us, until we yawned and shuffled our feet and coughed, that it is our rôle at all times to help our infantry, whose life is ten times more strenuous than ours, and by whom ultimately victory is won. We know the meaning of the two mottoes on our hats and we are distinctly optimistic. Which is as well. . . .

To-day I visited 'the Front.' We rode up, a subaltern and I,

to see the battery to which our men are at present attached and which we will eventually relieve. It is a strange experience for the uninitiated, such as I am, this riding along the flat and crumbling roads towards the booming of the guns and the desolation of 'the line.' The battery position, we found, was just on the borderland of this zone of desolation. One would never have suspected the presence of guns unless one had known exactly where to look—and had gone quite close. A partially ruined house on the road-side had its front and one gable end entirely covered with a solid wall of sandbags, but these were the only obvious indications of occupation. This house, however, was the mess and officers' quarters, and the Child was there at the door to welcome us.

'We've had quite a busy morning,' he said gaily. 'They've been putting four-two's and five-nine's into ——' (—— is a village about a quarter of a mile up the road). 'I was just going out to look for fuses: but perhaps you'd like to see round the position first.'

We crossed the road and entered a small orchard. The Child led me up to a large turf-covered mound which had a deep drain all round it and a small door at the back.

'This,' he said, rather with the air of a guide showing a visitor round a cathedral, 'is No. 4.'

I bent my head and stepped inside. The gun-pit (which was not really a pit since its floor was on ground level) was lit only by the narrow doorway at the rear and by what light could filter through the hurdles placed in front of the embrasure. But in the dimness I could just make out the rows and rows of shells all neatly laid in recesses in the walls, the iron girders that spanned the roof and held up its weight of sandbags, brick rubble and—reinforced concrete. Ye gods! concrete—for a field gun! And there, spotlessly clean, ready for instant action, was the gun itself. I felt sorry for it—it seemed so hopelessly out of place, so far removed from its legitimate sphere. To think that an eighteen-pounder, designed for transit along roads and across country, should have come to this!

'The detachment live here,' said the Child, and showed me a commodious dug-out connected with the gun-pit by a short tunnel. Inside this dug-out were four bunks and a store—also a gunner devouring what smelt like a very savoury dinner.

'What will these keep out?' I asked.

'Oh!' replied the Child airily, 'they're "pip-squeak" <sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> German field gun shells.



splinter-proof, of course, and they might stop a four-two or even a five-nine. But a direct hit with an eight-inch would make *some* hole, I expect. Come and see the telephonist's place. It's rather a show spot.'

As we were walking towards it a stentorian voice shouted, 'Battery action.'

Instantly, the few men who had been working on the drains and on the pits, or filling sandbags, dropped their tools and raced to the gun-pits. In a few seconds the battery was ready to fire.

We entered the telephone room—a shell-proof cave really. A man sat at a little table with an improvised but extraordinarily ingenious telephone exchange in front of him and a receiver strapped to his ear. A network of wires went out through the wall above his head. His instrument emitted a constant buzzing of 'dots' and 'dashes,' all of which he disregarded, waiting for his own call. Suddenly he clicked his key in answer, then said:—

'Hullo, oh-pip<sup>1</sup>—yes. Target K.—one round battery fire—yes.'

This order was repeated to the guns by megaphone.

Bang went No. 1 and its shell whistled and swished away towards its goal.

Bang followed No. 2 just before 'No. 1 ready' was called back.

It all seemed astonishingly simple, and it seemed, too, quite unconnected with war and bloodshed. Orders to fire came by telephone from some place thousands of yards in front. The guns were duly fired by men who had no conception of what they were firing at, men who had in all probability never been nearer to the enemy than they were at that moment, and who had in fact not the slightest conception of what the front line looked like. According to order these same men made minute adjustments of angles, ranges, fuses, until the battery's shells were falling on or very close to some spot selected by the Forward Observing Officer, the one man who really knew what was happening. And when this exacting individual was satisfied, each sergeant duly recorded his 'register' of the target upon a printed form, reminding me vaguely of the manner in which a bus conductor notes down mysterious figures on a block after referring to his packet of tickets. After which the detachments, receiving the order 'Break off,' returned to their work or dinners with no thought whatever (I am sure of this) as to where their shell had gone or why or how! But then this was not a 'show,' but just an ordinary morning's shoot.

<sup>1</sup> 'Oh-pip' is signalese for O.P.—Observation Post.

We lunched in the mess, a comfortable room with a red-tiled floor and a large open fire-place on which logs of wood crackled merrily. On enquiry I learnt that these same logs were once beams in the church at —, devastated not long since by heavy shells and now a heap of shapeless ruins from which the marauding soldier filches bricks and iron work. And that church was centuries old and was once beautiful. War is indeed glorious.

I have heard it said that people who live close to Niagara are quite unconscious of the sound of the Falls. I can believe it. Practically speaking, in this part of the world, two minutes never pass, day or night, during which no one fires a gun. But the human beings whose job it is to live and work here evince absolutely no interest if the swish of the shell is *away* from them and very little if it is coming towards them, unless there appears to be a reasonable chance that it is coming *at* them. Throughout lunch the next battery to this one was firing steadily. Rather diffidently I asked what was going on. The major commanding the battery shrugged his shoulders:—

'Old — has probably got some job on—or he may be merely retaliating,' he replied.

I subsided, not knowing then that before the day was over I was to learn more about this same retaliation.

After lunch we set out for the O.P.<sup>1</sup>

'We've got quite a jolly little offensive *strafe* on this afternoon,' remarked the major. 'There's some wire-cutting, and while it's going on the attention of the Hun will be distracted by the "heavies" who are going to bash his parapet a bit. Then at dusk the infantry are to slip across and do some bombing. We'll be rather crowded in the O.P., but I daresay you'll be able to see something.'

The Child and my other subaltern, who from his habit of brushing his hair straight back and referring constantly to his *blasé* past is known to his intimates as Gilbert, came too.

We passed through —, which is shelled regularly. Some of its houses are completely wrecked, but many are still partially intact. Infantry soldiers lounged about the ruined streets, for this village is used as a rest billet for troops waiting their turn in the trenches: the expression 'rest' billet struck me as euphemistic. I noticed that several shells had burst in the graveyard near the church. Even the dead of previous generations, it seems, are not immune from the horrors of this war.

<sup>1</sup> Observation Post.

After going up the road for nearly a mile we turned off on to the fields. Every ten yards or so it was necessary either to step over or stoop under a telephone wire. These nerve strings of modern artillery were all neatly labelled—they all belonged to some battery or other. 'They strafe this part fairly often,' said the major unconcernedly.

It is this unconcern that amazes me. I suppose (or I hope anyway) that I shall get used to this walking about in the open, but, at present, I am far from feeling at ease. The odds against getting hit on this particular bit of ground are enormous, but the chance exists all the same. As a matter of fact we did get one salvo of 'pip-squeaks' over as we were going up. They were high, to our left, and at least two hundred yards away, but they made me duck sharply—and then look rather foolish.

The Child pointed to a two-storied ruined house with a skeleton roof.

'Behold "the Waldorf,"' he said. '*Personally* myself' (a favourite phrase of his) 'I think its rather a jolly O.P.'

Approaching it, we crossed some derelict trenches—our front line before the battle of X——. I felt somehow that I was standing on holy ground—on ground that had been wrested back from the invaders at a cost of many hundreds of gallant lives and an infinite amount of pain and suffering.

Several batteries observe from 'the Waldorf,' and I found that for all its dilapidated appearance it was astonishingly strong inside. Telephone wires ran into it from all directions, and there were several signallers sitting about cooking over braziers or, if actually on duty, sitting motionless beside their instruments.

Except for a narrow passage-way and a small recess for the operators, the entire ground floor was blocked solid from earth to ceiling with sandbags; there is a distinct feeling of security to be derived from eight or ten feet thickness of clay-filled bags!

We climbed a wooden ladder and squeezed into the tiny room upstairs from which the fire of this particular battery is directed. A long low loophole carefully protected with sandbags and steel plates provided me with my first view of the front.

I was now some fifteen feet or so above ground level and could see the backs of all our lines of trenches, could see the smoke of burning fires and men walking casually up and down or engaged in digging, planting, revetting, and so on. Beyond was the front line—less distinct and with fewer signs of activity in it; beyond

that again a strip of varying width, untrampled, green and utterly forsaken—No Man's Land. A few charred tree-trunks from which every branch and twig had been stripped by shell fire, stuck up at intervals. I could see the first German parapet quite plainly and (with glasses) other lines behind it, and numerous wriggling communication trenches.

So this was 'the Front,' that vague term that comes so glibly to the lips of the people at home. I looked at it intently for a long time and I found that one idea crowded all others from my mind.

'What madness,' I thought, 'this is which possesses the world! What *criminal* waste, not only of lives and money, but of brains, ideas, ingenuity and time, all of which might have been devoted to construction instead of to destruction.'

The Child noticed my absorption, read my thoughts, perhaps, and translated them into his own phraseology thus:—'Dam' silly business, isn't it, when you come to think of it?'

The expression fitted. It is a damnably silly business *but*, if we are to secure what the whole world longs for—a just and lasting peace—we have got to see this business through to the end, however silly, however wasteful it may seem. We have got to 'stick it,' as the soldier says, until the gathering forces are strong enough to break the barrier beyond all hope of repair; to break it and then to pour through to what will be the most overwhelming victory in the history of the world. . . .

The major turned his head and spoke into a voice-tube beside him.

'Battery action,' he said.

The operator on the ground floor repeated his words into a telephone. I pictured over again what I had seen in the morning; the detachments doubling to the places and the four guns instantly ready to answer the call.

It is altogether astonishing, this siege warfare. An officer sits in a ruined house, strongly fortified, and not so many hundred yards from the enemy. From there with ease and certainty he controls the fire of his four guns. He knows his 'zone' and every object in it as completely as he knows his own features in a looking-glass. Further, he is connected by telephone with the infantry which he supports, and through the medium of his own headquarters with various other batteries. Normally this 'observation' work is done by a subaltern, who, nowadays, thank Heaven and

the munitions factories, shoots as much, if not more, than he is shot at. But occasionally the enemy is stirred up and 'retaliates.' This word, in its present military sense, was unknown before the war. It means just this:—

One side organises a bombardment. It carries out its programme, perhaps successfully, perhaps not. The other side, sometimes at once, sometimes afterwards, 'retaliates' with its artillery on some locality known to be a tender spot: this is by way of punishment. A year, six months ago even, the aggression came almost entirely from the Germans, and our artillery from lack of ammunition could only retaliate mildly, almost timidly, for fear of drawing down still further vengeance on the heads of its unfortunate infantry. But that state of things has passed for ever. The aggression now is all on our side—I speak, of course, of an ordinary day when there is no 'show' on: moreover it is rigorous and sustained and wearing. If and when the Germans reply to our aggression, we re-retaliate, so to speak, with a bombardment that silences him. For instance, to quote from 'Comic Cuts' (the official Intelligence Summary is thus named)—

'Yesterday the enemy fired thirty-five shells into ——. We replied with 500.'

That is all: but the whole situation on the Western front *now* is summed up in that bold statement. In these days we have the last word *always*. . . .

On this particular afternoon, however, we had a definite object in view. The 'heavies' by two hours' methodical work made what the Child calls 'Hell's own mess' of a selected bit of parapet. Meanwhile a field battery industriously cut the wire in front of it and other field batteries caused 'diversions,' as one says in Ireland, by little side-shows of their own. The enemy went to ground, no doubt in comparative safety, and sulked in silence. But as soon as dusk began to creep over the sodden lines, he woke up and started to retaliate. It had evidently occurred to him that we might be going to attack that hole in his parapet.

I watched what seemed like a glorified firework display for five or ten minutes, and somehow gathered the impression that I was merely a spectator. Then there came three sharp cracks outside the loop-hole—*just* outside it seemed—followed by the peculiar but unmistakable whirr of travelling splinters.

'Safer downstairs,' observed the major, and we descended quickly.

For the next quarter of an hour it really seemed as though the enemy had made up his mind to flatten out the 'Waldorf.' He had not, of course: he couldn't even see it. What he was really doing was putting a 'barrage,' or wall of fire, on the road just in front of us to hamper the advance of our supports in case we genuinely meant to attack on any scale. We waited patiently downstairs until it was over; rather like sheltering in a shop from a passing shower.

The signallers packed up their instruments and prepared to go home. Personally I was inwardly none too happy about the prospect of sallying forth into the open; but these men appeared to have no qualms whatever. They were used to it for one thing, and for another they had had a long day and wanted their tea. In such circumstances it takes much to deter the British soldier.

'Seems to be over: might as well 'op it, Bill,' said one.

'Righto,' answered the other. 'Bloomin' muddly this way. What say to going down the road?'

*Tack-tack-tack-tack* came from the direction of the road. Even war-worn signallers retain their common sense.

'Ark at that there [adjectived] machine gun, its 'ardly worth it'; they agreed and squelched off through the thick clay, grousing about the state of the country but perfectly indifferent to the deafening din around them.

Five minutes later we followed them and walked back, facing the flashes of our own guns, which were still firing steadily—just to make certain of having the last word with the Hun. . . .

It was nearly nine o'clock when we at last clattered into the courtyard of our billet and slipped wearily off our horses. It had been a long day but an interesting one, for we had seen, at close quarters, a battery doing its normal job under the prevailing normal conditions. And very soon now our battery will be in that position, putting the last finishing touches to its education and doing that same job, I hope efficiently. Then, and not till then, will it really be a Battery in Being.

LADY CONNIE.<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS HUMPHRY WARD.

## CHAPTER VII.

'THREE more invitations!—since lunch,' said Mrs. Hooper, as she came into the schoolroom, where her elder daughter sat by the window, renovating a garden hat.

Her mother dropped the envelopes on a small table beside Alice, and, sitting down on the other side of it, she waited for her daughter's comments.

Alice threw down her work, and hastily opened the notes. She flushed an angry pink as she read them.

'I might as well not exist!' she said shortly, as she pushed them away again.

For two of the notes requested the pleasure of Dr. and Mrs. Hooper's and Lady Constance Bledlow's company at dinner, and the third, from a very great lady, begged 'dear Mrs. Hooper' to bring Lady Constance to a small party in Wolsley College Gardens, to meet the Chancellor of the University, a famous Tory peer, who was coming down to a public meeting. In none of the three was there any mention of the elder Miss Hooper.

Mrs. Hooper looked worried. It was to her credit that her maternal feeling, which was her only passion, was more irritated by this sudden stream of invitations than her vanity was tickled.

What was there indeed to tickle anybody's vanity in the situation? It was all Constance—Constance—Constance! Mrs. Hooper was sometimes sick of the very name 'Lady Constance Bledlow.' It had begun to get on her nerves. The only defence against any sort of 'superiority,' as someone has said, is to love it. But Mrs. Hooper did not love her husband's niece. She was often inclined to wish, as she caught sight of Alice's pinched face, that the household had never seen her. And yet, without Connie's three hundred a year, where would the household be!

Mrs. Hooper was painfully, one might have said guiltily, aware of that side of the business. She was an incompetent, muddling woman, who had never learnt to practise the simple and dignified thrift, so common in the academic households of the University. For nowhere, really, was plain living gayer or more attractive than in the new Oxford of this date. The young mothers who wheeled

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1915, by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in the United States of America.



their own perambulators in the Parks, who bathed and dressed and taught their children, whose house-books showed a spirited and inventive economy of which they were inordinately proud, who made their own gowns of Liberty stuff in scorn of the fashion, were at the same time excellent hostesses, keeping open house on Sundays for their husbands' undergraduate pupils, and gallantly entertaining their own friends and equals at small flowery dinner-parties in Morris-papered rooms, where the food and wine mattered little, and good talk and happy comradeship were the real fare. Meanwhile the same young mothers were going to lectures on the Angevins, or reading Goethe or Dante in the evenings—a few friends together, gathering at each other's houses; they were discussing politics and social reform; and generally doing their best—unconsciously—to silence the croakers and misogynists who maintained that when all the girl babies in the perambulators were grown up, and Oxford was flooded with women-kind like all other towns, Oxford would have gone to 'Death and damnation.'

But Mrs. Hooper, poor lady, was not of this young and wholesome generation. She was the daughter of a small Midland manufacturer, who had rushed into sudden wealth for a few years, had spent it all in riotous living, over a period just sufficient to spoil his children, and had then died, leaving them penniless. Ewen Hooper had come across her when he was lecturing at a northern University, immediately after his own appointment at Oxford. He had just returned home from long wanderings and explorations in the Hellenic East, and was pining for a home. In ten days he was engaged to this girl whom he met at the house of a Manchester professor. She took but little wooing, was indeed so enchanted to be wooed that Ewen Hooper soon imagined himself in love with her; and all was done.

Nor indeed had it answered so badly for him—for a time. She had given him children, and a home, though an uncomfortable one. Greek scholarship and Greek beauty were the real idols of his heart and imagination. They did not fail him. But his wife did him one conspicuous ill turn. From the first days of their marriage, she ran her husband badly into debt; and things had got slowly worse with the years. Mrs. Hooper was the most wasteful of managers; servants came and went interminably; and while money oozed away, there was neither comfort nor luxury to show for it. As the girls grew up, they learnt to dread the sound of the front-door bell, which so often meant an angry tradesman; and

Ewen Hooper, now that he was turning grey, lived amid a perpetual series of mean annoyances with which he was never meant to cope, and which he was now beginning to hand over, helplessly, to his younger daughter Nora, the one member of the family who showed some power to deal with them.

The situation had been almost acute, when Lord Risborough died. But there was a legacy in his will for Ewen Hooper which had given a breathing space; and Connie had readily consented to pay a year's maintenance in advance. Yet still the drawerful of bills, on which Nora kept anxious watch, was painfully full; and of late the perennial difficulty of ready money had reappeared.

Mrs. Hooper declared she must have a new dress, if these invitations were to be accepted.

'I don't want anything extravagant,' she said fretfully. 'But really it's too bad of Nora to say that I could have my old blue one done up. She never seems to care how her mother looks. If all this fuss is going to be made about Constance and I am to take her out, I *must* be decent!'

The small underhung mouth shut obstinately. These *musts* of her mother's and Alice's were Nora's terror. They always meant a new bill.

Alice said—'Of course! And especially when Constance dresses so extravagantly!' she added bitterly. 'One can't look like her scullery-maid!'

Mrs. Hooper sighed. She glanced round her to see that the door was shut.

'That silly child Nora had quite a scene with Connie this morning because Connie offered to give her that pretty white dress in Brandon's window. She told me Connie had insulted her. Such nonsense! Why shouldn't Connie give her a dress—and you too? She has more money than she knows how to spend.'

Alice did not reply. She, too, wanted new dresses; she could hardly endure the grace and costliness of Connie's garments, when she compared them with her own; but there was something in her sad little soul also that would not let her be beholden to Connie. Not without a struggle, anyway.

'I don't want Connie to give me things either,' she said, sulkily. 'She's never been the least nice to me. She makes a pet of Nora, and the rest of us might be doormats for all the notice she takes of us.'

'Well, I don't know—she's quite civil,' said Mrs. Hooper,

reflectively. She added, after a minute—'It's extraordinary how the servants will do anything for her!'

'Why, of course, she tips them!' cried Alice, indignantly. Mrs. Hooper shrugged her shoulders. It was quite indifferent to her whether Connie tipped them or not, so long as she gained by the result. And there was no denying the fact that the house had never gone so smoothly as since Connie's arrival. At the same time her conscience reminded her that there was probably something else than 'tipping' in the matter. For instance—both Constance and Annette were now intimately acquainted with each of Mrs. Hooper's three maids, and all their family histories; whereas Mrs. Hooper always found it impossible to remember their surnames. A few days before this date, Susan the housemaid had received a telegram telling her of the sudden death of a brother in South Africa. In Mrs. Hooper's view it was providential that the death had occurred in South Africa, as there could be no inconvenient question of going to the funeral. But Connie had pleaded that the girl might go home for two days to see her mother; Annette had done the housework during her absence; and both maid and mistress had since been eagerly interested in the girl's mourning, which had been largely supplied out of Connie's wardrobe. Naturally the opinion of the kitchen was that her 'ladyship is sweet!'

Alice, however, had not found any sweetness in Connie. Was it because Mr. Herbert Pryce seemed to take a mysterious pleasure in pointing out her charms to Alice? Alice supposed he meant it well. There was a didactic element in him which was always leading him to try and 'improve' other people. But it filled her with a silent fury.

'Is everybody coming to the picnic to-morrow?' asked Mrs. Hooper presently.

'Everybody.' Alice pointed indifferently to a pile of notes lying on her desk.

'You asked Connie if we should invite Mr. Falloden?'

'Of course I did, mother. He is away till next week.'

'I wonder if she cares for him?' said Mrs. Hooper, vaguely.

Alice laughed.

'If she does, she consoles herself pretty well when he's not here.'

'You mean with Mr. Sorell?'

Alice nodded.

'Such a ridiculous pretence, those Greek lessons!' she said, her small face flaming. 'Nora says, after they have done a few lines, Constance begins to talk, and Mr. Sorell throws himself back

in his chair, and they chatter about the places they've seen together, and the people they remember, till there's no more time left. Nora says it's a farce.'

'I say, who's taking my name in vain?' said Nora, who had just opened the schoolroom door, and overheard the last sentence.

'Come in and shut the door,' said Alice; 'we were talking about your Greek lessons.'

'Jolly fun they are!' said Nora, balancing herself, as usual, on the window-sill. 'We don't do much Greek, but that don't matter! What are these notes, mother?'

Mrs. Hooper handed them over. Alice threw a mocking look at her sister.

'Who said that Oxford didn't care about titles? When did any of those people ever take any notice of us?'

'It isn't titles—it's Connie!' said Nora stoutly. 'It's because she's handsome and clever—and yet she isn't conceited; she's always interested in other people. And she's an orphan—and people were very fond of her mother. And she talks scrumptiously about Italy. And she's new—and there's a bit of romance in it—and—well, there it is!'

And Nora pulled off a twig from the Banksia rose outside, and began to chew it energetically with her firm white teeth, by way of assisting her thoughts.

'Isn't conceited!' repeated Alice with contempt. 'Connie is as proud as Lucifer.'

'I didn't say she wasn't. But she isn't vain.'

Alice laughed.

'Can't you see the difference?' said Nora impatiently. '"Proud" means "Don't be such a fool as to imagine that I'm thinking of you"—"Vain" means "I wonder dreadfully what you're thinking of me?"'

'Well then, Connie is both proud and vain,' said Alice, with decision.

'I don't mean she doesn't *know* she's rich, and good-looking and run after,' said Nora beginning to flounder. 'But half the time, anyway, she forgets it.'

'Except when she is talking to men,' said Alice vindictively, to which Mrs. Hooper added with her little obstinate air—

'Any girl who likes admiration as much as Connie does must be vain. Of course, I don't blame her.'

'Likes admiration? Hm,' said Nora, still chewing at the twig. 'Yes, I suppose she does. But she's good at snubbing, too.' And

she threw a glance at her sister. She was thinking of a small evening party the night before, at which, it seemed to her, Connie had several times snubbed Herbert Pryce rather severely. Alice said nothing. She knew what Nora meant. But that Connie should despise what she had filched away only made things worse.

Mrs. Hooper sighed again—loudly.

‘The point is—is she carrying on with that man, Mr. Falloden?’

Nora looked up indignantly. Her mother’s vulgarity tormented her.

‘How can she be “carrying on,” mother? He won’t be in Oxford again till his Schools.’

‘Oh, you never know,’ said Mrs. Hooper. ‘Well, I must go and answer these notes.’

She went away. Nora descended gloomily from the window-sill.

‘Mother wants a new dress. If we don’t all look out, we shall be in Queer Street again.’

‘You’re always so dismal,’ said Alice, impatiently. ‘Things are a great deal better than they were.’

‘Well, goodness knows what would have happened to us if they weren’t!’ cried Nora. ‘Besides, they’re not nearly so much better as you think. And the only reason why they’re better is that Uncle Risborough left us some money, and Connie’s come to live here. And you and mother do nothing but say horrid things about her, behind her back!’

She looked at her sister with accusing eyes. But Alice tossed her head, and declared she wasn’t going to be lectured by her younger sister. ‘You yourself told mother this morning that Connie had insulted you.’

‘Yes, and I was a beast to say so!’ cried the girl. ‘She meant it awfully well. Only I thought *she* thought I had been trying to sponge on her; because I said something about having no dresses for the Commem. balls, even if I wanted to “come out” then—which I don’t!—and she straight away offered to give me that dress in Brandon’s. And I was cross, and behaved like a fiend. And afterwards Connie said she was awfully sorry if she’d hurt my feelings.’

And suddenly Nora’s brown eyes filled with tears.

‘Well, you get on with her,’ said Alice, with fresh impatience—‘and I don’t. That’s all there is to it. Now do go away and let me get on with the hat.’

That night, after Connie had finished her toilet for the night and was safely in bed, with a new novel of Fogazzaro before her

and a reading lamp beside her, she suddenly put out her arms, and took Annette's apple-red countenance—as the maid stooped over her to straighten the bed-clothes—between her two small hands.

'Netta, I've had a real bad day!'

'And why, please, my lady?' said Annette rather severely, as she released herself.

'First I had a quarrel with Nora—then some boring people came to lunch—then I had a tiresome ride—and now Aunt Ellen has been pointing out to me that it's all my fault she has to get a new dress, because people will ask me to dinner-parties. I don't want to go to dinner-parties!'

And Connie fell back on her pillows, with a great stretch, her black brows drawn over eyes that still smiled beneath them.

'It's very ungrateful of you to talk of a tiresome ride—when that gentleman took such pains to get you a nice horse,' said Annette, still tidying and folding as she moved about the room. Constance watched her, her eyes shining absently as the thoughts passed through them. At last she said:

'Do come here, Annette!'

Annette came, rather unwillingly. She sat down on the end of Constance's bed, and took out some knitting from her pocket. She foresaw a conversation in which she would need her wits about her, and some mechanical employment steadied the mind.

'Annette, you know,' said Constance slowly, 'I've got to be married some time.'

'I've heard you say that before.' Annette began to count some stitches.

'Oh, it's all very well,' said Constance with amusement. 'You think you know all about me, but you don't. You don't know, for instance, that I went a ride a week ago with a young man, without telling you, or Aunt Ellen, or Uncle Ewen, or anybody!' She waited to see the effect of her announcement. Annette did appear rather startled.

'I suppose you met him on the road?'

'I didn't! I made an appointment with him. We went to a big wood, some miles out of Oxford, belonging to some people he knows, where there are beautiful grass rides. He has the key of the gates—we sent away the groom—and I was an hour alone with him—quite! There!'

There was a defiant accent on the last word. Annette shook her head. She had been fifteen years in the Risboroughs' service, and remembered Connie when she was almost a baby.

'Whatever were you so silly for? You know your mamma wouldn't have let you.'

'Well, I've not got my mamma,' said Connie slowly. 'And I'm not going to be managed by Aunt Ellen, Netta. I intend to run my own show.'

'Who is it?' said Annette, knitting busily.

Connie laughed.

'Do you think I'm going to tell you?'

'You needn't. I've got eyes in my head. It's that gentleman you met in France.'

Connie swung herself round and laid violent hands on Annette's knitting.

'You shan't knit. Look at me! You can't say he's not good-looking?'

'Which he knows—a deal more than is good for him,' said Annette, setting her mouth a little grimly.

'Everybody knows when they're good-looking, you dear silly. Of course, he's most suitable—dreadfully so. And I can't make up my mind whether I care for him a bit!'

She folded her arms in front of her, her little chin fell forward on her white wrappings, and she stared rather sombrely into vacancy.

'What's wrong with him?' said Annette after a pause—adopting a tone in which she might have discussed a new hat.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Connie dreamily.

She was thinking of Falloden's sudden departure from Oxford, after his own proposal of two more rides. His note, 'crying off' till after the Schools, had seemed to her not quite as regretful as it might have been; his epistolary style lacked charm. And it was impertinent of him to suggest Lord Meyrick as a substitute. She had given the Lathom Woods a wide berth ever since her first adventure there; and she hoped that Lord Meyrick had spent some disappointed hours in those mossy rides.

All the same it looked as though she was going to see a good deal of Douglas Falloden. She raised her eyes suddenly.

'Annette, I didn't tell you I'd heard from two of my Aunts to-day!'

'You did?' Annette dropped her knitting of her own accord this time, and sat open-mouthed.

'Two long letters. Funny, isn't it? Well, Aunt Langmoor wants me to go to her directly—in time anyway for a ball on the 29th at Worcester House—horribly smart—King and Queen



coming—everybody begging for tickets. She's actually got an invitation for me—I suppose by asking for it!—rather calm of her. She calls me "Dearest Connie." And I never saw her! But Papa used to be fond of her, and she was never rude to Mamma. What shall I say?'

'Well, I think you'd much better go,' said Annette decidedly. 'You've never worn that dress you got at Nice, and it'll be a dish-cloth if you keep it much longer. The way we have to crush things in this place!'

And she looked angrily even at the capacious new wardrobe which took up one whole side of the room.

'All right!' laughed Constance. 'Then I'll accept Aunt Langmoor, because you can't find any room for my best frock. It's a toss up. That settles it. Well, but now for Aunt Marcia—'

She drew a letter from the pages of her French book, and opened it.

'MY DEAR CONSTANCE'—so it ran—'I should like to make your acquaintance, and I hear that you are at Oxford with your Uncle. I would come and see you, but that I never leave home. Oxford, too, depresses me dreadfully. Why should people learn such a lot of useless things? We are being ruined by all this education. However, what I meant to say was that Winifred and I would be glad to see you here if you care to come. Winifred, by the way, is quite aware that she behaved like a fool twenty-two years ago. But, as you weren't born then, we suggest it shouldn't matter. We have all done foolish things. I, for instance, invented a dress—a kind of bloomer thing—only it wasn't a bloomer. I took a shop for it in Bond Street, and it nearly ruined me. But I muddled through—that's our English way, isn't it?—and somehow things come right. Now, I am very political, and Winifred's very churchy—it doesn't really matter what you take up. So do come. You can bring your maid and have a sitting-room. Nobody would interfere with you. But, of course, we should introduce you to some nice people. If you are a sensible girl—and I expect you are, for your father was a very clever man—you must know that you ought to marry as soon as possible. There aren't many young men about here. What becomes of all the young men in England I'm sure I don't know. But there are a few—and quite possible. There are the Kenbarrows, about four miles off—a large family—*nouveaux riches*—the father made buttons, or something of the kind. But the children are all most presentable, and *enormously* rich. And, of course, there are the Fallodens—quite near—Mr. and Lady Laura, Douglas the eldest son, a girl of eighteen, and

two children. You'll probably see Douglas at Oxford. Oh, I believe Sir Arthur Falloden, *père*, told me the other day you had already met him somewhere. Winifred and I don't like Douglas. But that's neither here nor there. He's a magnificent creature, who can't be bothered with old ladies. He'll no doubt make himself agreeable to you—*cela va sans dire*. I don't altogether like what I hear sometimes about the Fallodens. Of course Sir Arthur's very rich, but they say he's been speculating enormously, and that he's been losing a good deal of money lately. However, I don't suppose it matters. Their place, Flood Castle, is really splendid—old to begin with, and *done up*! They have copied the Americans and given every room a bathroom. Absurd extravagance! And think of the plumbing! It was that kind of thing gave the Prince of Wales typhoid. I *hate* drains!

'Well, anyway, do come and see us. Sophia Langmoor tells me she has written to you, and if you go to her you might come on here afterwards. Winifred, who has just read this letter, says it will "put you off." I don't see why it should. I certainly don't want it to. I'm downright, I know, but I'm not hypocritical. The world's just run on white lies nowadays—and I can't stand it. I don't tell *any*—if I can help.

'Oh, and there is Penfold Rectory not very far off—and a very nice man there, though too "high" for Winifred. He tells me he's going to have some people staying with him—a Mr. Sorell, and a young musician, with a Polish name—I can't remember it. Mr. Sorell's going to coach the young man, or something. They're to be paying guests, for a month at least. Mr. Powell and Mr. Sorell were at the same college—and Mr. Powell's *dreadfully* poor—so I'm glad. No wife, mercifully!

'Anyway, you see, there are plenty of people about. Do come.

'I am, dear Constance,

'Your affectionate Aunt,

'MARCIA RISBOROUGH.'

'Now what on earth am I going to do about that?' said Constance, tossing the letter over to Annette.

'Well, Mr. and Mrs. Hooper are going, cook says, to the Isle of Wight, and Miss Alice is going with them,' said Annette, 'and Miss Nora's going to Scotland with a young ladies' reading-party. Somebody's offered to take her.'

'I know all that,' said Constance impatiently. 'The question is—do you see me sitting in lodgings at Ryde with Aunt Ellen for five or six weeks—doing a little fancy-work, and walking out with Aunt Ellen and Alice on the pier?'

Annette laughed discreetly over her knitting, but said nothing.

'No,' said Connie decidedly. 'That can't be done. I shall have to sample Aunt Marcia. I must speak to Uncle Ewen tomorrow. Now put the light out, please, Annette; I'm going to sleep.'

But it was some time before she went to sleep. The night was hot and thunderous, and her windows were wide open. Drifting in came the ever-recurring bells of Oxford, from the boom of the Christ Church 'Tom,' far away, through every variety of nearer tone. Connie lay and sleepily listened to them. To her they were always voices, half alive, half human, to which the dreaming mind put words that varied with the mood of the dreamer.

Presently, she breathed a soft good-night into the darkness—'Mummy—Mummy *darling*! good-night!' It was generally her last waking thought. But suddenly another—which brought with it a rush of excitement—interposed between her and sleep.

'Tuesday,' she murmured—'Mr. Sorell says the Schools will be over by Tuesday. I wonder!—'

And again the blue-bell carpet seemed to be all round her—the light and fragrance and colour of the wood. And the man on the black horse beside her was bending towards her, all his harsh strength subdued, for the moment, to the one end of pleasing her. She saw the smile in his dark eyes; and the touch of sarcastic brusquerie in the smile, that could rouse her own fighting spirit, as the touch of her whip roused the brown mare.

. . . . .

'Am I really so late?' said Connie, in distress, running downstairs the following afternoon to find the family and various guests waiting for her in the hall.

'Well, I hope we shan't miss *everybody*,' said Alice, sharply. 'How late are we?'

She turned to Herbert Pryce.

The young don smiled and evaded the question.

'Nearly half an hour!' said Alice. 'Of course they'll think we're not coming.'

'They' were another section of the party who were taking a couple of boats round from the lower river, and were to meet the walkers coming across the Parks, at the Cherwell.

'Dreadfully sorry!' said Connie, who had opened her eyes, however, as though Alice's tone astonished her. 'But my watch has gone quite mad.'

'It does it every afternoon!' murmured Alice to a girl friend

of Nora's who was going with the party. It was an aside, but plainly heard by Constance—whose cheeks flushed.

She turned appealingly to Herbert Pryce.

'Please carry my waterproof, while I button my gloves.' Pryce was enchanted. As the party left the house, he and Constance walked on together, ahead of the others. She put on her most charming manners, and the young man was more than flattered.

What was it, he asked himself complacently, that gave her such a delicate distinction? Her grey dress, and soft grey hat, were, he supposed, perfect of their kind. But Oxford in the summer term was full of pretty dresses. No, it must be her ease, her sureness of herself that banished any awkward self-consciousness both in herself and her companions, and allowed a man to do himself justice.

He forgot her snubs of the preceding evening, and went off at score about his own affairs, his college, his prospects of winning a famous mathematical prize given by the Berlin Academy, his own experience of German Universities, and the shortcomings of Oxford. On these last he became scornfully voluble. He was inclined to think he should soon cut it, and go in for public life. These University towns were really very narrowing!

'Certainly,' said Constance, amiably. Was he thinking of Parliament?

Well, no, not at once. But journalism was always open to a man with brains, and through journalism one got into the House, when the chance came along. The House of Commons was dangerously in want of new blood.

'I am certain I could speak,' he said, ardently. 'I have made several attempts here, and I may say they have always come off.'

Constance threw him a shy glance. She was thinking of a dictum of Uncle Ewen's which he had delivered to her on a walk some days previously. 'What is it makes the mathematicians such fools? They never seem to grow up. They tell us they're splendid fellows, and of course we must believe them. But who's to know?'

Meanwhile, Alice and Sorell followed them at some distance behind, while Mrs. Hooper and three or four other members of the party brought up the rear. Sorell's look was a little clouded. He had heard what passed in the hall, and he found himself glancing uncomfortably from the girl beside him to the pair forging so gaily ahead. Alice Hooper's expression seemed to him that of something weak and tortured. All through the winter, in the small world of Oxford, the flirtation between Pryce of Beaumont and Ewen Hooper's eldest girl had been a conspicuous thing, even for

those who had little or no personal knowledge of the Hoopers. It was noticed with amusement that Pryce had at last found someone to whom he might talk as long and egotistically as he pleased about himself and his career ; and kindly mothers had said to each other that it would be a comfort to the Hoopers to have one of the daughters settled, though in a modest way.

'It is pleasant to see that your cousin enjoys Oxford so much,' said Sorell, as they neared the Museum, and saw Pryce and Connie disappearing through the gate of the Park,

'Yes. She seems to like it,' said Alice coldly.

Sorell began to talk of his first acquaintance with the Risboroughs, and of Connie's mother. There was no hint in what he said of his own passionate affection for his dead friends. He was not a profaner of shrines. But what he said brought out the vastness of Connie's loss in the death of her mother ; and he repeated something of what he had heard from others of her utter physical and mental collapse after the double tragedy of the year before.

'Of course you'll know more about it than I do. But one of the English doctors in Rome, who is a friend of mine, told me that they thought at one time they couldn't pull her through. She seemed to have nothing else to live for.'

'Oh, I don't think it was as bad as that,' said Alice, drily. 'Anyway, she's quite well and strong now.'

'She's found a home again. That's a great comfort to all her mother's old friends.'

Sorell smiled upon his companion ; the sensitive kindness in his own nature appealing to the natural pity in hers.

But Alice made no reply ; and he dropped the subject.

They walked across the Park, under a wide summer sky, towards the winding river, and the low blue hills beyond it. At the Cherwell boat-house they found the two boats, with five or six men, and Nora, as usual, taking charge of everything, at least till Herbert Pryce should appear.

Connie was just stepping into the foremost boat, assisted by Herbert Pryce, who was in his shirt-sleeves, while Lord Meyrick and another Marmion man were already in the boat.

'Sorell, will you stroke the other boat ?' said Pryce, 'and Miss Nora, will you have a cushion in the bows ? Now I think we're made up. No—we want another lady.' And running his eyes over those still standing on the bank, he called a plump little woman, the wife of a Llandaff tutor, who had been walking with Mrs. Hooper.

'Mrs. Maddison, will you come with us? I think that will about trim us.'

Mrs. Maddison obeyed him with alacrity, and the first boat pushed off. Mrs. Hooper, Alice, Sorell, two St. Cyprian undergraduates and Nora's girl friend, Miss Watson, followed in the second.

Then, while the June evening broadened and declined, the party wound in and out of the curves of the Cherwell. The silver river, brimming from a recent flood, lay sleepily like a gorged serpent between the hay meadows on either side. Flowers of the edge, meadow-sweet, ragged-robin and yellow flags, dipped into the water; willows spread their thin green over the embattled white and blue of the sky; here and there a rat plunged or a bird fled shrieking; bushes of wild roses flung out their branches, and everywhere the heat and the odours of a rich open land proclaimed the fulness of the midland summer.

Connie made the life of the leading boat. Something had roused her, and she began to reveal some of the 'parlour-tricks' with which she had amused the Palazzo Barberini in her Roman days. A question from Pryce stirred her into quoting some of the folk-songs of the Campagna, some comic, some tragic, fitting an action to them so lively and true that even those of her hearers who could not follow the dialect sat entranced. Then someone said—'But they ought to be sung!' And suddenly, though rather shyly, she broke into a popular canzone of the Garibaldian time, describing the day of Villa Gloria; the march of the morning, the wild hopes, the fanfaronade; and in the evening, a girl hiding a wounded lover and weeping both for him and 'Italia' undone.

The sweet low sounds floated along the river.

'Delicious!' said Sorell, holding his oar suspended to listen. He remembered the song perfectly. He had heard her sing it in many places—Rome, Naples, Syracuse. It was a great favourite with her mother, for whom the national upheaval of Italy—the heroic struggle of the Risorgimento—had been a life-long passion.

'Why did Connie never tell us she could sing?' said Mrs. Hooper in her thin peevish voice. 'Girls really shouldn't hide their accomplishments.'

Sorell's oar dropped into the water with a splash.

At Marston Ferry there was a general disembarking, a ramble along the river bank and tea under a group of elms beside a broad reach of the stream. Sorell noticed that, in spite of the re-grouping of the two boat-loads, as they mingled in the walk, Herbert Pryce



never left Connie's side. And it seemed to him, and to others, that she was determined to keep him there. He must gather yellow flag and pink willow-herb for her, must hook a water-lily within reach of the bank with her parasol, must explain to her about English farms, and landlords, and why the labourers were discontented—why there were no peasant owners, as in Italy—and so on, and so on. Round-faced Mrs. Maddison, who had never seen the Hoopers' niece before, watched her with amusement, deciding that, distinguished and refined as the girl was, she was bent on admiration, and not too critical as to whence it came. The good-natured curly-haired Meyrick, who was discontentedly reduced to helping Alice and Nora with the tea, and had never been so bored with a river picnic before, consoled himself by storing up rich materials for a 'chaff' of Douglas when they next met—perhaps that evening, after hall? Alice meanwhile laughed and talked with the two or three freshmen whom Meyrick had brought with him from Marmion. Her silence and pallor had gone; she showed a kind of determined vivacity. Sorell, with his strange gift of sympathy, found himself admiring her 'pluck.'

When the party returned to the boat-house in the evening, Sorell, whose boat had arrived first at the landing-stage, helped Constance to land. Pryce, much against his will, was annexed by Nora to help her return the boats to the Isis; the undergraduates who had brought them being due at various engagements in Oxford. Sorell carried Constance off. He thought that he had never seen her look more radiant. She was flushed with success and praise, and the gold of the river sunset glorified her as she walked. Behind them, dim figures in the twilight, followed Mrs. Hooper and Alice, with the two other ladies, their cavaliers having deserted them.

'I am so glad you like Mr. Pryce,' said Sorell, suddenly.

Constance looked at him in astonishment.

'But why? I don't like him very much!'

'Really? I was glad because I suppose—doesn't everybody suppose?'—he looked at her smiling—'that there'll be some news in that quarter presently?'

Constance was silent a moment. At last, she said—

'You mean—he'll propose to Alice?'

'Isn't that what's expected?' He too had reddened. He was a shy man, and he was suddenly conscious that he had done a marked thing.

Another silence. Then Constance faced him, her face now more than flushed—aflame.



'I see. You think I have been behaving badly?'

He stammered.

'I didn't know perhaps—whether—you have been such a little while here—whether you had come across the Oxford gossip. I wish sometimes—you know I'm an old friend of your uncle—that it could be settled. Little Miss Alice has begun to look very worn.'

Constance walked on, her eyes on the ground. He could see the soft lace on her breast fluttering. What foolish quixotry—what jealousy for an ideal—had made him run this hideous risk of offending her? He held his breath till she could look at him again. When she did, the beauty of the look abashed him.

'Thank you!' she said, quietly. 'Thank you very much. Alice annoyed me—she doesn't like me, you see—and I took a mean revenge. Well, now you understand—how I miss Mamma!'

She held out her hand to him impulsively, and he enclosed it warmly in his; asking her, rather incoherently, to forgive his impertinence. Was it to be Ella Risborough's legacy to him—this futile yearning to help—to watch over—her orphaned child?

Much good the legacy would do him, when Connie's own will was really engaged! He happened to know that Douglas Falloden was already in Oxford again, and in a few more days Greats would be over, and the young man's energies released. What possible justification had he, Sorell, for any sort of interference in this quarter? It seemed to him, indeed, as to many others, that the young man showed every sign of a selfish and violent character. What then? Are rich and handsome husbands so plentiful? Have the moralists ever had their way with youth and sex in their first turbulent hour?

## CHAPTER VIII.

THIS little scene with Sorell, described in the last chapter, was of great importance to Connie's after history. It had placed her suddenly on a footing of intimacy with a man of poetic and lofty character, and had transformed her old childish relation to him—which had alone made the scene possible—into something entirely different. It produced a singular effect upon her that such a man should care enough what befell her to dare to say what he had said to her. It had been—she admitted it—a lesson in scrupulousness, in high delicacy of feeling, in magnanimity. 'You are trifling with what may be the life of another—just to amuse your-

self—or to pay off a moment's offence. Only the stupid or cruel souls do such things—or think lightly of them. But not you—your Mother's daughter !'

That had been the meaning of his sudden incursion. The more Connie thought of it, the more it thrilled her. It was both her charm and her weakness, at this moment, that she was so plastic, so responsive both for good and evil. She said to herself that she was fortunate to have such a friend ; and she was conscious of a new and eager wish to win his praise, or to avoid his blame.

At the same time it did not occur to her to tell him anything of her escapade with Douglas Falloden. But the more closely she kept this to herself, the more eager she was to appease her conscience and satisfy Sorell, in the matter of Alice and Herbert Pryce. Her instinct showed her what to do, and Sorell watched her struggling with the results of her evening's flirtation with much secret amusement and applause. Herbert Pryce, having been whistled on, had to be whistled off, and Alice had to be gently and gradually reassured ; yet without any obvious penitence on Connie's part, which would only have inflicted additional wounds on Alice's sore spirit.

And Connie did it—broadly speaking, during the week of Falloden's Schools. Sorell himself was busy every day and all day as one of the Greats examiners. He scarcely saw her for more than two half-hours during a hideously strenuous week ; through which he sat immersed in the logic and philosophy papers of the disappearing generation of Honour men. Among the papers of the twenty or thirty men who were the certain Firsts of the year, he could not help paying a special attention to Douglas Falloden's. What a hard and glittering mind the fellow had !—extraordinarily competent and well trained ; extraordinarily lacking, as it seemed to Sorell, in width or pliancy, or humanity. One of the ablest essays sent in, however, was a paper by Falloden on the 'Sentimentalisms of Democracy'—in which a reasoned and fierce contempt for the popular voice, and a brilliant glorification of war and of a military aristocracy, made very lively reading.

On the latter occasion when Sorell and Constance met during the week he found Radowitz in the Hoopers' drawing-room. Sorell had gone in after dinner to consult with Ewen Hooper, one of his fellow examiners, over some doubtful papers, and their business done, the two men allowed themselves an interval of talk and music with the ladies before beginning work again till the small hours.

Constance, in diaphanous black, was at the piano, trying to

recall, for Radowitz's benefit, some of the Italian folk-songs that had delighted the river-party. The room was full of a soft mingled light from the still uncurtained windows and the lamp which had been just brought in. It seemed to be specially concentrated on the hair, 'golden like ripe corn,' of the young musician, and on Connie's white neck and arms. Radowitz lay back in a low chair gazing at her with all his eyes.

On the further side of the room Nora was reading, Mrs. Hooper was busy with the newspaper, and Alice and Herbert Pryce were talking with the air of people who are, rather uncomfortably, making up a quarrel.

Sorell spent his half-hour mostly in conversation with Mrs. Hooper and Nora, while his inner mind wondered about the others. He stood with his back to the mantelpiece, his handsome pensive face, with its intensely human eyes, bent towards Nora, who was pouring out to him some grievances of the 'home-students,' to which he was courteously giving a jaded man's attention.

When he left the room Radowitz broke out—

'Isn't he like a god?'

Connie opened astonished eyes.

'Who?'

'My tutor—Mr. Sorell. Ah, you didn't notice—but you should. He is like the Hermes—only grown older, and with a soul. But there is no Greek sculptor who could have done him justice. It would have wanted a Praxiteles; but with the mind of Euripides!'

The boy's passionate enthusiasm pleased her. But she could think of nothing less conventional in reply than to ask if Sorell were popular in college.

'Oh, they like him well enough. They know what trouble he takes for them, and there's nobody dares cheek him. But they don't understand him. He's too shy. Wasn't it good fortune for me that he happens to be my friend?'

And he began to talk at headlong speed, and with considerable eloquence, of Sorell's virtues and accomplishments. Constance, who had been brought up in a southern country, liked the eloquence. Something in her was already tired of the slangy brevities that do duty in England for conversation. At the same time she thought she understood why Falloden, and Meyrick, and others called the youth a *poseur*, and angrily wished to snub him. He possessed besides, inbred, all the foreign aids to the mere voice—gesticulation of hands and head, movements that to the Englishman are

unexpected and therefore disagreeable. Also there, undeniably, was the frilled dress-shirt, and the two diamond studs, much larger and more conspicuous than Oxford taste allowed, which added to its criminality. And it was easy to see too that the youth was inordinately proud of his Polish ancestry, and inclined to rate all Englishmen as *parvenus* and shopkeepers.

'Was it in Paris you first made friends with Mr. Sorell?' Connie asked him.

Radowitz nodded.

'I was nineteen. My uncle had just died. I had nobody. You understand, my father was exiled twenty years ago. We belong to German Poland; though there has always been a branch of the family in Cracow. For more than a hundred years these vile Germans have been crushing and tormenting us. They have taken our land, they have tried to kill our language and our religion. But they cannot. Our soul lives. Poland lives. And some day there will be a great war—and then Poland will rise again. From the East and the West and the South they will come—and the body that was hewn asunder will be young and glorious again.' His blue eyes shone. 'Some day, I will play you that in music. Chopin is full of it—the death of Poland—and then her soul, her songs, her hopes, her rising again. Ah, but Sorell!—I will explain. I saw him one night at a house of kind people—the master of it was the Director of the École des Sciences Politiques—and his wife. She was so beautiful, though she was not young; and gentle, like a child; and so good. I was nothing to them—but I went to some lectures at the School, while I was still at the Conservatoire, and I used to go and play to them sometimes. So when my uncle died they said, "Come and stay with us." I had really nobody. My father and mother died years ago. My mother, you understand, was half English; I always spoke English with her. She knew I must be a musician. That was settled when I was a child. Music is my life. But if I took it for a profession, she made me promise to see some other kinds of life first. She often said she would like me to go to Oxford. She had some old engravings of the colleges she used to show me. I am not a pauper, you see,—not at all. My family was once a very great family; and I have some money—not very much, but enough. So then Mr. Sorell and I began to talk. And I had suddenly the feeling—"If this man will tell me what to do, I will do it." And then he found I was thinking of Oxford, and he said, if I came, he would be my friend, and look after me. And so he advised me to go

to Marmion, because some of the tutors there were great friends of his. And that is why I went. And I have been there nearly a year.'

'And you like it?' Connie, sitting hunched on the music-stool, her chin on her hand, was thinking of Falloden's outburst, and her own rebuff in Lathom Woods.

The boy shrugged his shoulders. He looked at Connie with his brilliant eyes, and she seemed to see that he was on the point of confiding in her, of complaining of his treatment, and then proudly checked himself.

'Oh, I like it well enough,' he said carelessly. 'I am reading classics. I love Greek. There is a soul in Greek. Latin—and Rome—that is too like the Germans! Now let me play to you—something from Poland.'

He took her seat at the piano, and began to play—first in a dreamy and quiet way, passing from one plaintive folk-song to another; then gradually rising into passion, defiance, tragedy. Constance sat listening to him in amazement—entranced. Music was a natural language to her as it was to Radowitz, though her gift was so small and slight compared to his. But she understood and followed him; and there sprang up in her, as she sat turning her delicate face to the musician, that sudden, impassioned delight, that sense of fellowship with things vast and incommunicable—'exultations, agonies, And love, and man's unconquerable mind'—which it is the glorious function of music to kindle in the human spirit.

The twilight darkened. Every sound in the room but Radowitz's playing had ceased; even Mrs. Hooper had put down her newspaper. Nora, on the further side of the room, was absorbed in watching the two beautiful figures under the lamplight, the golden-haired musician and the listening girl.

Suddenly there was a noise of voices in the hall outside. The drawing-room door was thrown open, and the parlour-maid announced:

'Mr. Falloden.'

Mrs. Hooper rose hastily. Radowitz wavered in a march finale he was improvising, and looked round.

'Oh, go on!' cried Constance.

But Radowitz ceased playing. He got up, with an angry shake of his wave of hair, muttered something about 'another couple of hours' work,' and closed the piano.

Constance remained sitting, as though unaware of the new arrival in the room.

'That was *wonderful*!' she said, with a long breath, her eyes raised to Radowitz. 'Now I shall go and read Polish history!'

A resonant voice said:

'Hullo—Radowitz! Good evening, Lady Connie. Isn't this a scandalous time to call? But I came about the ball-tickets for next Wednesday—to ask how many your Aunt wants. There seems to be an unholy rush on them.'

Connie put out a careless hand.

'How do you do? We've been having the most divine music! Next Wednesday? Oh, yes, I remember!' And as she recovered her hand from Falloden she drew it across her eyes, as though trying to dispel the dream in which Radowitz's playing had wrapped her. Then the hand dropped, and she saw the drawing-room door closing on the player.

Falloden looked down upon her with a sarcastic mouth, which, however, worked nervously.

'I'm extremely sorry to bring you down to earth. I suppose he's awfully good.'

'It's genius,' said Connie, breathlessly—'just that—genius! I had no idea he had such a gift.' Falloden shrugged his shoulders, without reply. He threw himself into a chair beside her, his knees crossed, his hands on the topmost knee, with the finger-tips lightly touching, an attitude characteristic of him. The lamp which had been brought in to light the piano shone full upon him, and Constance perceived that, in spite of his self-confident ease of bearing, he looked haggard and pale with the long strain of the Schools. Her own manner relaxed.

'Have you really done?' she asked, more graciously.

'I was in for my last paper this afternoon. I am now a free man.'

'And you've got your First?'

He laughed.

'That only the gods know. I may just squeak into it.'

'And now you've finished with Oxford?'

'Oh dear no! There's a fortnight more. One keeps the best—for the last.'

'Then your people are coming up again for Commem.?' The innocence of the tone was perfect.

His sparkling eyes met hers.

'I have no domestic prospects of that sort,' he said drily. 'What I shall do with this fortnight depends entirely—on one person.'

The rest of the room seemed full of a buzz of conversation

which left them unobserved. Connie had taken up her large lace fan and was slowly opening and closing it. The warm pallor of her face and throat, the golden brown of her hair, the grace of her neck and shoulders, enchanted the man beside her. For three weeks he had been holding desire in check, with a strong hand. The tide of it rushed back upon him, with the joy of a released force. But he knew that he must walk warily.

'Will you please give me some orders?' he went on, smiling, seeing that she did not reply. 'How has the mare been behaving?'

'She is rather tame—a little too much of the sheep in her composition.'

'She wants a companion. So do I—badly. There is a little village beyond the Lathom Woods—which has a cottage—for tea—and a strawberry garden. Shall we sample it?'

Constance shook her head, laughing.

'We haven't an hour. Everybody asks us to parties, all day and all night long. London is a joke to Oxford.'

'Don't go!' said Falloden impatiently. 'I have been asked to meet you—three times—at very dull houses. But I shall go, of course, unless I can persuade you to do something more amusing.'

'Oh dear no. We're in for it. But I thought people came here to read books?'

'They do read a few; but when one has done with them one feels towards them like enemies whom one has defeated—and insults. I chucked my Greek lexicon under the sofa, first thing, when I got back from the Schools this afternoon.'

'Wasn't that childish—rather? I am appalled to think how much you know.'

He laughed impatiently.

'Now one may begin to learn something. Oxford is precious little use. But it's not worth while being beaten—in anything. Shall we say Thursday, then?—for our ride?'

Constance opened her eyes in pretended astonishment.

'After the ball? Shall I be awake? Let's settle it on Wednesday!'

He could get no more definite promise from her, and must needs take his leave. Before he went, he asked her to keep the first four dances for him at the Marmion ball, and two supper-dances. But Constance evaded a direct assent. She would do her best. But she had promised some to Mr. Pryce, and some to Mr. Radowitz.



Falloden's look darkened.

'You should not allow him to dance with you,' he said imperiously. 'He is too eccentric. He doesn't know how to behave; and he makes his partners conspicuous.'

Constance too had risen, and they confronted each other—she all wilfulness.

'I shall certainly dance with him!' she said, with a little determined air. 'You see, I like foreign ways!'

He said good-night abruptly. As he stood a few minutes on the farther side of the room, making a few last arrangements as to the ball with Mrs. Hooper and Alice, Constance, still standing by the piano, and apparently chatting with Herbert Pryce, was really aware of Falloden's every movement. His manner to her aunt was brusque and careless; and he forgot, apparently, to say good-night either to Alice or Nora. Nobody in the room, as she well knew, except herself, found any pleasure in his society. Nora's hostile face in the background was a comic study. And yet, so long as he was there, nobody could forget or overlook him; so splendid was the physical presence of the man, and so strong the impression of his personality—even in trivial things.

Meanwhile, everybody in the house had gone to bed, except Nora and her father. She had lit a little fire in his study, as the night had grown chilly; she had put a little tray with tea on it by his side, and helped him to arrange the Greats papers, in which he was still immersed, under his hand. And finally she brought his pipe and filled it for him.

'Must you sit up long, father?'

'An hour or two,' said Ewen Hooper wearily. 'I wish I didn't get so limp. But these Honour exams. take it out of one. And I have to go to Winchester to-morrow.'

'For the Scholarship?'

He nodded.

'Father! you work a great deal too hard—you look dog-tired!' cried Nora in distress. 'Why do you do so much?'

He shook his head sadly.

'You know, darling.'

Nora did know. She knew that every pound was of importance to the household, that the temporary respite caused by the legacy from Lord Risborough and by Connie's prepayment would very soon come to an end, and that her father seemed to be more acutely aware of the position than he had yet been. Her own cleverness

and the higher education she was steadily getting for herself enabled her to appreciate, as no one else in the family could or did, her father's delicate scholarly gifts, which had won him his reputation in Oxford and outside. But the reputation might have been higher if so much time had not been claimed year after year by the sheer pressure of the family creditors. With every year, Nora had grown up into a fuller understanding of her father's tragedy; a more bitter, a more indignant understanding. They might worry through; one way or another, she supposed, they would worry through. But her father's strength and genius were being sacrificed. And this child of seventeen did not see how to stop it.

After she had brought him his pipe, and he was drawing at it contentedly over the fire, she stood silent beside him, bursting with something she could not make up her mind to say. He put out an arm, as she stood beside his chair, and drew her to him.

'Dear little Trotty Veck!' It had been his pet name for her as a child. Nora, for answer, bent her head and kissed him.

'Father'—she broke out—'I've got my first job!'

He looked up inquiringly.

'Mr. Hurst'—she named her English Literature tutor, a Fellow of Marmion—'has got it for me. I've been doing some Norman-French with him; and there's a German Professor has asked him to get part of a romance copied that's in the Bodleian—the only manuscript. And Mr. Hurst says he'll coach me—I can easily do it—and I shall get ten pounds!'

'Well done, Trotty Veck!' Ewen Hooper smiled at her affectionately. 'But won't it interfere with your work?'

'Not a bit. It will help it. Father!—I'm going to earn a lot before long. If it only didn't take such a long time to grow up!' said Nora, impatiently. 'One ought to be as old as one feels—and I feel quite twenty-one!'

Ewen Hooper shook his head.

'That's all wrong. One should be young—and *taste* being young, every moment, every day that one can. I wish I'd done it—now that I'm getting old.'

'You're not old!' cried Nora. 'You're not, father! You're not to say it!'

And kneeling down by him, she laid her cheek against his shoulder, and put one of his long gaunt hands to her lips.

Her affection was very sweet to him, but it could not comfort him. There are few things, indeed, in which the old can be

comforted by the young—the old, who know too much, both of life and themselves.

But he pulled himself together.

‘Dear Trotty Veck, you must go to bed, and let me do my work. But—one moment!’ He laid a hand on her shoulder, and abruptly asked her whether she thought her cousin Constance was in love with Douglas Falloden. ‘Your mother’s always talking to me about it,’ he said, with a wearied perplexity.

‘I don’t know,’ said Nora, frowning. ‘But I shouldn’t wonder.’

‘Then I shall have to make some inquiries,’ said Connie’s guardian, with resignation. ‘She’s a masterful young woman. But she can be very sweet when she likes. Do you see what she gave me to-day?’

He pointed to a beautiful Viennese edition of Aeschylus, in three sumptuous volumes, which had just appeared and was now lying on the Reader’s table.

Nora took it up with a cry of pleasure. She had her father’s passion for books.

‘She heard me say to Sorell, apparently, that I would give my eyes for it, and couldn’t afford it. That was a week ago. And to-day, after luncheon, she stole in here like a mouse—you none of you saw or heard her—holding the books behind her, and looking as meek as milk. You would have thought she was a child, coming to say she was sorry! And she gave me the books in the prettiest way—just like her mother!—as though all the favour came from me. I’m beginning to be very fond of her. She’s so nice to your old father. I say, Nora!’—he held her again—‘you and I have got to prevent her from marrying the wrong man!’

Nora shook her head, with an air of middle-aged wisdom.

‘Connie will marry whomever she has a mind to!’ she said firmly. ‘And it’s no good, father, you imagining anything else!’

Ewen Hooper laughed, released her, and sent her to bed.

The days that followed represented the latter part of the interval between the Eights and Commemoration, before Oxford plunged once more into high festival.

It was to be a brilliant Commem. ; for an ex-Viceroy of India, a retired Ambassador, England’s best General, and five or six foreign men of science and letters, of rather exceptional eminence, were coming to get their honorary degrees. When Mrs. Hooper,

*Times* in hand, read out at the breakfast-table the names of Oxford's expected guests, Constance Bledlow looked up in surprised amazement. It seemed the Ambassador and she were old friends; that she had sat on his knee as a baby through various Carnival processions in the Corso, showing him how to throw *confetti*; and that he and Lady F. had given a dance at the Embassy for her coming-out, when Connie, at seventeen, and His Excellency—still the handsomest man in the room, despite years and gout—had danced the first waltz together, and a subsequent minuet; which—though Connie did not say so—had been the talk of Rome.

As to the ex-Viceroy, he was her father's first cousin, and had passed through Rome on his way east, staying three or four days at the Palazzo Barberini. Constance, however, could not be induced to trouble her head about him. 'He bored Mamma and me dreadfully,' she said—'he had seven pokers up his back, and was never human for a minute. I don't want to see him at all.' Oxford, however, seemed to be of the opinion that ex-viceroy's do want to see their cousins; for the Hooper party found themselves asked as a matter of course to the All Souls luncheon, the the Vice-Chancellor's garden-party, and to a private dinner-party in Christ Church on the day of the *Encænna*, at which all the new-made doctors were to be present. As for the ball-tickets for Commem. week, they poured in; and meanwhile there were endless dinner-parties, and every afternoon had its river picnic, now on the upper, now on the lower river.

It was clear, indeed, both to her relations and to Oxford in general, that Constance Bledlow was to be the heroine of the moment. She would be the 'star' of Commem., as so many other pretty or charming girls had been before her. But in her case it was no mere undergraduate success. Old and young alike agreed to praise her. Her rank inevitably gave her precedence at almost every dinner-party, Oxford society not being rich in the peerage. The host, who was often the head of a college and grey-haired, took her in; and some other University big-wig, equally mature, flanked her on the right. When she was undressing in her little room after these entertainments, she would give Annette a yawning or plaintive account of them. 'You know, Annette, I never talk to anybody under fifty now!' But at the time she never failed to play her part. She was born with the wish to please, which, as everyone knows, makes three parts of the art of pleasing.

Meanwhile Sorell, who was at all times a very popular man,

in great request, accepted many more invitations than usual in order to see as much as he could of this triumphal progress of Lady Risborough's daughter. Oxford society was then much more limited than now, and he and she met often. It seemed to him, whenever he came across Douglas Falloden in Connie's company during these days, that the young man's pursuit of Constance, if it was a pursuit, was making no progress at all, and that his temper suffered accordingly. Connie's endless engagements were constantly in the way. Sorell thought he detected once or twice that Falloden had taken steps to procure invitations to houses where Constance was expected; but when they did meet it was evident that he got but a small share of her attention.

Once Sorell saw them in what appeared intimate conversation at a Christ Church party. Falloden—who was flushed and frowning—was talking rapidly in a low voice; and Constance was listening to him with a look half soft, half mocking. Her replies seemed to irritate her companion, for they parted abruptly, Constance looking back to smile a sarcastic good-bye.

Again, on the Sunday before the *Encænia*, a famous High Churchman preached in the University church. The church was densely crowded, and Sorell, sitting in the Masters' seats under the pulpit, saw Constance dimly, in the pews reserved for wives and families of the University Doctors and Masters, beneath the gallery. Immediately to her right, in the very front of the undergraduates' gallery, he perceived the tall form and striking head of Douglas Falloden; and when the sermon was over he saw that the young man was one of the first to push his way out.

'He hopes to waylay her,' thought Sorell.

If so, he was unsuccessful. Sorell, emerging with the stream into the High Street, saw Connie's black-and-white parasol a little ahead. Falloden was on the point of overtaking her, when Radowitz the golden-haired, the conspicuous, crossed his path. Constance looked round, smiled, shook hands with Radowitz, and apparently not seeing Falloden in her rear, walked on, in merry talk with the beaming musician. Sorell, perhaps, was the only person who noticed the look of pale fury with which Falloden dropped out of the crowded pathway, crossed the street, and entered a smart club opposite, exclusively frequented by 'bloods.'

Commem. week itself, however, would give a man in love plenty of chances. Sorell was well aware of it. Monday dawned with misty sunshine after much rain. In the Turl after luncheon, Sorell met Nora Hooper hurrying along with note-books under her arms.

They turned down Brasenose Lane together, and she explained that she was on her way to the Bodleian, where she was already at work on her first paid job. Her pleasure in it, and the childish airs she gave herself in regard to it, touched and amused Sorell, with whom—through the Greek lessons—she had become a great favourite.

As they parted at the doorway leading to the Bodleian, she said with a mischievous look—

‘Did you know Mr. Falloden’s party is off?’

And she explained that for the following day Falloden had arranged the most elaborate and exclusive of river parties, with tea in the private gardens of a famous house, ten miles from Oxford. His mother and sister had been coming down for it, and he had asked other people from London.

‘It was all for Connie—and Connie’s had to scratch! And Mr. Falloden has put it all off. He says his mother, Lady Laura, has a chill and can’t come, but everyone knows—it’s Connie!’

She and Sorell smiled at each other. They had never had many words on the subject, but they understood each other perfectly.

‘What made her scratch?’ asked Sorell, wondering.

‘Royalties,’ said Nora shortly, with a democratic nose in air.

It appeared that a certain travelled and artistic Princess had been spending the week-end in a ducal house of the neighbourhood. So, too, had the ex-Viceroy. And hearing from him that the only daughter of ‘those dear Risboroughs’ was at Oxford, twelve miles off, her Royal Highness, through him, had ‘commanded’ Constance for tea under the ducal roof on Tuesday. A carriage was to be sent for her, and the ex-Viceroy undertook to convey her back to Oxford afterwards, he being due himself to dine and sleep at the Vice-Chancellor’s, the night before the Encænica.

‘Constance didn’t want to go a bit. She was dreadfully annoyed. But father and mother made her. So she sent a note to Mr. Falloden, and he came round. She was out, but Alice saw him. Alice says he scarcely said a word, but you could feel he was in a towering rage.’

‘Poor Falloden!’ said Sorell.

Nora’s eyes twinkled.

‘Yes, but so good for him! I’m sure he’s always throwing over other people. Now he knows

‘Golden lads and lassies must,  
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.’



'Vandal!' cried Sorell—'to twist such a verse!'

Nora laughed, threw him a friendly nod, and vanished up the steps of the Bodleian.

But Falloden's hour came.

The Encænïa went off magnificently. Connie, sitting beside Mrs. Hooper in the semicircle of the Sheldonian Theatre, drew the eyes of the crowd of graduates as they surged into the arena, and tantalised the undergraduates in the gallery, above the semicircle, who were well aware that the 'star' was there, but could not see her. As the new Doctors' procession entered through the lane made for it by the bedells, as the whole assembly rose, and as the organ struck up, amid the clapping and shouting of the gods in the gallery, Connie and the grey-haired Ambassador, who was walking second in the red and yellow line, grinned openly at each other, while the ex-Viceroy in front, who had been agreeably flattered by the effect produced by his girl-cousin in the august circles of the day before, nodded and smiled at the young lady in the white plumes and pale mauve dress.

'Do you know my cousin, Lady Constance Bledlow?—the girl in mauve there?' he said, complacently, in the ear of the Public Orator, as they stood waiting till the mingled din from the organ and the undergraduates' gallery overhead should subside sufficiently to allow that official to begin his arduous task of introducing the Doctors elect.

The Public Orator, in a panic lest one of the Latin puns in his forthcoming address should escape him, said hurriedly 'Yes!'—and then 'No'—being quite uncertain to which girl in mauve the great man referred, and far too nervous to find out. The great man smiled and looked up blandly at the shrieking gallery overhead, wondering—as all persons in his position do wonder in each succeeding generation—whether the undergraduates were allowed to make such an infernal noise when he was 'up.'

Meanwhile, Constance herself was conscious of only one face and figure in the crowded theatre. Falloden had borrowed a Master's gown, and as the general throng closed up behind the Doctors' procession, he took up a position in the rear, just in front of the great doors under the organ loft, which, as the day was very hot, remained unclosed. His dark head and athlete's figure, scarcely disguised by the ampler folds of the borrowed gown, showed in picturesque relief against the grey and sunlit background of the beautiful Divinity School, which could be seen through the doorway. Constance knew that his eyes were on her; and she guessed



that he was conscious only of her, as she at that moment was conscious only of him. And again that tremor, that premonition of some coming attack upon her will which she half dreaded and half desired, swept over her. What was there in the grave and slightly frowning face that drew her through all repulsion? She studied it. Surely the brow and eyes were beautiful—shaped for high thought and generous feeling? It was the disdainful, sulky mouth, the haughty carriage of the head, that spoilt a noble aspect. Yet *she* had seen the mouth quiver into softness; and those broad shoulders had once stood between her and danger—possibly death. Her heart trembled. 'What do you want of me?' it was asking—helplessly—of the distant man; 'and can I—dare I—give it?'

Then her thoughts flew onward to the ball of the evening, for it was the night of the Marmion ball. No more escape! If she went—and nothing should prevent her from going—it would be Falloden's evening, Falloden's chance. She had been perfectly conscious of evading and thwarting him during the previous week. There had been some girlish mischief, but more excitement in it. Now, would he take his revenge?

Her heart beat fast. She had never yet danced with him. To-night she would feel his arm round her in the convention of the waltz. And she knew that for her it would be no convention; but something either to be passionately accepted—or impatiently endured.

Oxford went early to the Marmion ball. It was a very popular gathering. So that before ten o'clock the green quadrangle was crowded with guests waiting to see other guests come in; while the lights from the Gothic hall, and the notes of the 'Blue Danube,' then in its first prime, flung out their call to youth and sex.

In they thronged—young men and maidens—a gay procession through the lawns and quadrangles, feeling the world born anew for them, and for them only, as their fathers and mothers had felt before them.

Falloden and Meyrick, with half a dozen other chosen spirits, met Constance at the entrance, and while Mrs. Hooper and Alice followed, pleased against their will by the reflected fame which had fallen upon them also, the young men formed a body-guard round Constance, and escorted her like a queen to the hall.

Sorell, eagerly waiting, watched her entrance into the beflagged and spacious room, with its throng of dancers. She came in, radiant, with that aureole of popular favour floating round her

which has so much to do with the beauty of the young. All the world smiled on her ; she smiled in return ; and that sarcastic self behind the smile, which Nora's quick sense was so often conscious of, seemed to have vanished. She carried, Sorell saw, a glorious bunch of pale roses. Were they Falloden's gift ?

That Douglas Falloden danced with her repeatedly, that they sat out together through most of the supper-dances, that there was a sheltered corner in the illuminated quad, beside the Græco-Roman fountain which an archæological Warden had given to the college, where, involuntarily, his troubled eyes discovered them more than once :—this at least Sorell knew, and could not help knowing. He saw that she danced twice with Radowitz, and that Falloden stood meanwhile in the doorway of the hall, twisting his black moustache and chaffing Meyrick, yet all the time with an eye on the ball-room. And during one long disappearance he found himself guessing that Falloden had taken her to the Library, for greater seclusion. Only a very few people seemed to know that the fine old room was open.

'Where is Connie ?' said poor Mrs. Hooper fretfully—when three o'clock had long struck. 'I can't keep awake !'

And now a midsummer sun was rising over Oxford. The last carriage had rumbled through the streets ; the last merry group of black-coated men, and girls in thin shoes and opera-cloaks, had vanished. The summer dawn held the whole beautiful and silenced city in its peace.

Constance, in her dressing-gown, sat at the open window, looking out over the dewy garden, and vaguely conscious of its scents as one final touch of sweetness in a whole of pleasure which was still sending its thrill through all her pulses.

At last, she found pen and paper on her writing-table, and wrote an instruction for Annette upon it :

'Please send early for the horses. They should be here at a quarter to nine. Call me at eight. Tell Aunt Ellen that I have gone for a ride, and shall be back by eleven. It was quite a nice ball.'

Then, with a silent laugh at the last words, she took the sheet of paper, stole noiselessly out of her room, and up the stairs to Annette's room, where she pushed the message under the door. Annette had not been well the day before, and Connie had peremptorily forbidden her to sit up.

(To be continued.)

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